
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1798.

MEMOIRS OF MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

THE military character has always attracted the attention of mankind. The splendor of its habiliments, the hazard of its enterprizes, and the resolution necessary for the accomplishment of its bold undertakings, conspire to render the warrior an object of universal admiration. But when to these, its usual qualifications, we add the virtue of humanity, the HERO acquires a double lustre. The glare of military glory is, in a measure, softened, and we contemplate the picture with a greater degree of satisfaction and delight.

These introductory observations are applicable, in an eminent degree, to the nobleman whose memoirs we are now about to present to the Public. Towards the contemplation of his character, therefore, we turn with a heartfelt pleasure, and in this sentiment we shall be joined by the most intelligent of our Readers.

CHARLES MARQUIS CORNWALLIS is descended from a family which has, at different times, distinguished itself in the service of its country. This circumstance is indeed of itself a matter of little importance. Personal merit is the only genuine merit. It is, however, pleasing to an individual when he has it in his power to look backward, and mark a long line of ancestors in whom both talents and virtues have been concentrated.

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The subject of our memoirs was born in 1738, the very year that gave birth to his present Majesty. After an education suitable to his rank in life, he devoted himself to military affairs. The war in Germany, about the year 1756, first yielded an opportunity for the exercise of his talents. This part of the Continent was, at that period, a theatre on which military characters displayed their valour and intrepidity. Here young CORNWALLIS was trained, laying a foundation for that martial celebrity which he has since attained.

Elected to represent a borough in the eleventh parliament of Great Britain, he at an early time of life became a member of the British senate. His station as a representative he retained till June 1762, when he succeeded his father in the peerage, being at that time a Colonel of the 12th regiment. In the year 1765, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber. Soon after he became Aid-de-Camp to the King, with the rank of Colonel of foot, and in 1766 was advanced to be Colonel of the 33d regiment of foot, in the room of Sir John Griffin Griffin. On December 27, in the same year, he was made Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of the forests south of the Trent. In 1770, he was appointed Constable of the Tower of London, and Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, stations which had been filled by his father with reputation. On September 29, 1775, he was promoted to the rank of Major General, and in 1780, the whole command of a part of the army in America devolved upon him. He had, indeed, previously signalized himself in several actions that were fought on the Western Continent.

The principal of these actions was his victory over General Gates in South Carolina. On the 16th of August, at the break of day, the battle began in a situation advantageous to the English army; but unfavourable to the Americans. The continental bands appear to have behaved well, but the militia were soon broken, and left the former to oppose the whole force of the British

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British troops. General Gates endeavoured to rally the militia, but without effect, the continentals retreated in some order, but the rout of the militia was so great, that the British cavalry are said to have continued the pursuit of them to the distance of twenty-two miles from the place where the action happened. The loss of the Americans was very considerable, about one thousand prisoners, and more are said to have been killed and wounded. Seven pieces of brass cannon, a number of colours, and all the ammunition-waggons of the Americans were also taken. Of the British troops, the killed and wounded amounted to two hundred and thirteen. Among the prisoners was Major General Baron de Kalb, a Prussian officer, in the American service, who was mortally wounded, having exhibited great gallantry in the course of the action, and received eleven wounds. The British troops by whom this great victory was achieved, did not much exceed two thousand, while the American army is said to have amounted to six thousand, of which, however, it must be remarked, that the greatest part was militia.

Earl CORNWALLIS, notwithstanding this success, was soon afterwards obliged to yield to the superior force of the Americans. General Washington exerted his utmost skill to surround him, and succeeded. On the 19th of October 1781, the British General, and his whole army, amounting to more than six thousand men, surrendered, by capitulation, to the combined armies of America and France, under the command of General Washington. Lord Cornwallis, however, made a defence suitable to the character he had before acquired for courage and military skill, but was compelled to submit to untoward circumstances and superior numbers. A considerable number of cannon, and a large quantity of military stores, fell into the hands of the Americans on this occasion. Such is the precarious fortune of war ! Of his successes let no HERO boast, till the harness be put off, and the warfare is accomplished.

After this disaster, Marquis CORNWALLIS retired to enjoy the sweets of private life, which is oftentimes found to be the alone source of true enjoyment. In this privacy, however, he was not long suffered to remain. The imperious call of his country was heard and obeyed. The deranged state of our affairs in the East Indies demanded his interposition; he entered with alacrity on the hazardous expedition, and his efforts were crowned with success.

It will not be expected that the rise and progress of the *War in India* should be here detailed. Suffice it to observe, that the arms of Lord Cornwallis were ultimately victorious in that distant country, and thereby the disordered affairs of the East-India Company greatly retrieved. The termination of that warfare redounded to the credit of his Lordship's martial talents. It is well known that *Tippoo Saib* was obliged to make peace, and that his two sons were delivered for hostages on the memorable occasion. This splendid business naturally excites curiosity. We shall transcribe an interesting account of it from a most respectable work *.

PRELIMINARY ARTICLES

Of a Treaty of Peace concluded between the Allied Armies and Tippoo Sultan, Feb. 23, 1792.

“ ARTICLE I. One half of the dominions of which Tipoo Sultan was in possession before the war, to be ceded to the allies from the countries adjacent, according to their situation.

“ ART. II. Three crores and thirty lacks of rupees, to be paid by Tippoo Sultan, either in gold mohurs, pagodas, or bullion.

“ 1st. One crore and sixty-five lacs, to be paid immediately.

“ 2d. One crore and sixty-five-lacs, to be paid in three payments, not exceeding four months each.

“ ART. III. All prisoners of the four powers, from the time of Hyder Ally, to be unequivocally restored.

* *Narrative of the Campaign in India, by Major Durem.*

"ART. IV. Two of Tippoo Sultan's three eldest sons to be given as hostages for a due performance of the treaty.

"ART. V. When they shall arrive in camp, with the articles of this treaty, under the seal of the Sultan, a counterpart shall be sent from the three powers. Hostilities shall cease, and terms of a treaty of alliance and perpetual friendship shall be agreed upon."

"These were the terms, which, after different conferences with the vakeels, were dictated by Earl Cornwallis to Tippoo Sultan, and to which he found it necessary to submit. They were sent to him on the 22d, and returned by him, signed and sealed, the night of the 23d of February.

"Tippoo is said to have been prevailed upon with infinite difficulty to subscribe to the terms of peace; and now that all was settled, the uneasiness in the seraglio became extreme in parting with the boys, who were to be sent out as hostages. The Sultan was entreated to request they might be allowed to remain another day, in order to make suitable preparations for their departure, and Lord Cornwallis, who had dispensed with their coming at the time the treaty was sent, had again the goodness to grant his request.

"The vakeels had been instructed to acquaint Tippoo that his Lordship would wait upon the Princes as soon as they came to their tents; and besides the guards and attendants, about two hundred, allowed to be sent with them, that his Lordship would appoint a careful officer, with a battalion of seapoys, for their protection. The Sultan sent in answer, "That he was fully sensible of his Lordship's goodness; that he could not agree to his being at the trouble to go first to wait on his sons; and having the most perfect reliance on his honour, it was his own particular desire and request, that he would be pleased to allow them to be brought at once to his tent, and delivered into his own hands."

"On the 26th about noon, the Princes left the fort, which appeared to be manned as they went out, and every where crowded with people, who, from curiosity or affection, had come to see them depart. The Sultan himself was on the rampart above the gateway. They were saluted by the fort on leaving it, and with twenty-one guns from the park as they approached our camp, where the part of the line they passed, was turned out to receive them. The vakeels con-

ducted them to the tents which had been sent from the fort for their accommodation, and pitched near the mosque redoubt, where they were met by Sir John Kennaway, the Mahratta and Nizam's vakeels, and from thence accompanied by them to head-quarters.

"The Princes were each mounted on an elephant richly caparisoned, and seated in a silver howder; were attended by their father's vakeels, and the persons already mentioned, also on elephants. The procession was led by several camel harcarras, and seven standard-bearers, carrying small green flags suspended from rockets, followed by one hundred pike-men, with spears inlaid with silver. Their guard of two hundred sepoys, and a party of horse, brought up the rear. In this order they approached head-quarters, where the battalion of Bengal sepoys, commanded by Captain Welch, appointed for their guard, formed a street to receive them.

"Lord Cornwallis, attended by his staff, and some of the principal officers of the army, met the Princes at the door of his large tent as they dismounted from the elephants; and, after embracing them, led them in, one in each hand, to the tent. The eldest, Abdul Kalick, was about ten, the youngest, Mooza-ud-Deen, about eight years of age. When they were seated on each side of Lord Cornwallis, Gullam Ally, the head vakeel, addressed his Lordship as follows: "These children were this morning the sons of the Sultan my master; their situation is now changed, and they must look up to your Lordship as their father."

"Lord Cornwallis, who had received the boys as if they had been his own sons, anxiously assured the vakeel and the young Princes themselves, that every attention possible would be shewn to them, and the greatest care taken of their persons. Their little faces brightened up; the scene became highly interesting; and not only their attendants, but all the spectators were delighted to see that any fears they might have harboured were removed, and that they would soon be reconciled to their change of situation, and to their new friends.

"The Princes were dressed in long white muslin gowns, and red turbans. They had several rows of large pearls round their necks, from which was suspended an ornament consisting of a ruby and an emerald of considerable size, surrounded by large brilliants; and in their turbans each had a sprig of rich pearls.

pearls. Bred up from their infancy with infinite care, and instructed in their manners to imitate the reserve and politeness of age, it astonished all present to see the correctness and propriety of their conduct. The eldest boy, rather dark in his colour, with thick lips, a small flattish nose, and a long thoughtful countenance, was less admired than the youngest, who is remarkably fair, with regular features, a small round face, large full eyes, and a more animated appearance. Placed too, on the right hand of Lord Cornwallis, the youngest was said to be the favourite son, and the Sultan's intended heir. His mother (a sister of Burham-ud-Deen's, who was killed at Sattimungulum), a beautiful delicate woman, had died of fright and apprehension, a few days after the attack of the lines. This melancholy event made the situation of the youngest boy doubly interesting, and, with the other circumstances, occasioned his attracting by much the most notice. After some conversation, his Lordship presented a handsome gold watch to each of the Princes, with which they seemed much pleased. Beetle-nut and otter of roses, according to the eastern custom, being then distributed, he led them back to their elephants, embraced them again, and they returned, escorted by their suite and the battalion, to their tents.

" Next day, the 27th, Lord Cornwallis, attended as the day before, went to pay the Princes a visit at their tents, pitched near the mosque redoubt, within the green canaut or wall, used by the Sultan in the field, of which we had often traced the marks during the war.

" The canaut of canvas, scolloped at top, was painted of a beautiful sea-green colour, with rich ornamented borders, and formed an elegant inclosure for the tents. It was thrown open to the front, and within it the pikemen, sepoys, &c. of the Princes' guard formed a street to a tent, whence they came out and met Lord Cornwallis. After embracing them, he led them one in each hand, into the tent, where chairs were placed for his Lordship, themselves, and his suite. Sir John Kennaway, the Mahratta and the Nizam's vakeels, also attended the conference.

" The eldest boy, now seated on his Lordship's right hand, appeared less serious than the former day, and when he spoke, was not only graceful in his manner, but had a most affable, animated appearance. The youngest, however, appeared to

be the favourite with the vakeels ; and, at the desire of Gul-lam Ally, repeated, or rather recited some verses in Arabic, which he had learned by heart from the Koran, and afterwards some verses in Persian, which he did with great ease and confidence, and shewed he had made great progress in his education.

" Each of the Princes presented his Lordship with a fine Persian sword, and in return he gave the eldest a fuzee, and the youngest a pair of pistols, of very fine and curious workmanship. Some jewels, shawls, and rich presents, were then offered to his Lordship as matter of form ; after which, beetle-nut and otter of roses being distributed, the Princes conducted his Lordship without the tent, when he embraced them and took his leave.

" The tent in which the Princes received Lord Cornwallis, was lined with fine chintz, and the floor covered with white cloth. The attendants sprinkled rose water during the audience ; and there was a degree of state, order, and magnificence in every thing, much superior to what had been seen amongst our allies. The guard of sepoys drawn up without, was clothed in uniform, and not only regularly and well armed, but, compared to the rabble of infantry in the service of the other native powers, appeared well disciplined and in high order."

This affecting scene has been ably delineated by the pencil of British artists, and we have frequently gazed at it with delight.

Lord Cornwallis, upon his return from India, was received with the usual congratulations attendant on victory ; the joy of the nation, his entertainment at the Mansion-house, and the substantial proofs of gratitude given him by the East-India Company, are still fresh in our memories.

After his arrival at home he lived retired, enjoying that reputation which he had so well earned in his military career. Here he would have continued, reposing himself after his extraordinary exertions, had not the distracted affairs of Ireland called for his interposition. The Privy Council, after a deliberate consultation on

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the best means of quieting that most alarming rebellion, appointed his Lordship to succeed Earl Camden a few months ago, and he instantly embarked for the Irish metropolis. His arrival there, and the subsequent acts of his administration, are well known. The situation in which he is now placed is the most difficult and critical that can be well conceived.

One observation, however, shall be hazarded respecting Lord Cornwallis's present administration in Ireland. He has had the merit of introducing a more *conciliatory* system towards the unhappy individuals who are engaged in the rebellion. This conduct cannot be too highly commended. The irritated minds of the contending parties are certainly unfit to make a just estimate of each other's actions. The utmost calmness, and the most deliberative wisdom, are necessary to guide the storm, and thereby bring it to a happy termination. Into the causes of this civil war it is not our province to enter. That there is considerable blame to be laid on both sides no candid person will deny, and happily had it been were the occasion of this discontent removed by the reformation of those *abuses* which are evidently contrary to the spirit and genius of the British Constitution. *Revolutions* we abhor from our inmost soul, violence and bloodshed are their usual concomitants, the innocent and the guilty are not unfrequently in such cases involved in one common destruction. Far be such a scene from Ireland, or indeed from any part of the British dominions! We are persuaded that the *conciliatory* system of Lord Cornwallis has been wisely adopted, and that its healing effects will be experienced by that unhappy country to the latest posterity. O mercy! thou art the darling attribute of Deity, and never dost thou appear in greater lustre than when thou art exercised by man towards his deluded fellow-creatures!

THE

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXI.]

ON MILTON's PARADISE LOST.

Three POETS in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn ;
The first in loftiness of thought surpast,
The next in majesty, in both the LAST.
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a THIRD she join'd the other two !

DRYDEN.

HAIVING dismissed *Homer* and *Virgil*, the bards of ancient days, in our two former Numbers, we descend to modern times, and call the attention of the reader to **MILTON**, the pride of the British nation ! His *Paradise Lost* contains ample materials for meditation. A variety of *reflections* must arise from so copious a subject.

MILTON in his *Paradise Lost* has chosen a topic of the most novel kind, on which he has exhausted the energies of a most extraordinary genius. His theme is more than human, and I had almost said, that an ability more than human was requisite to the execution of the task. *The expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise* suggests awful and interesting emotions. The poet, who has taken the most comprehensive view of his subject, traces the fall of the angelic host in all its terrific circumstances, and then delineates the sad event which followed the original transgression. Who but *Milton* would have dared to seize so vast a subject ? Who but he, having seized it, could mark its progress with such a masterly minuteness ! Indeed, he alone, possessed powers adequate to the gigantic undertaking. Hence has Dr. Johnson remarked :—“ Milton seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully

bountifully than upon others, the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful. He chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance." Never were remarks more just, nor an encomium more properly bestowed.

When we open *Paradise Lost* we are all at once introduced into the grandest scenes which our imagination can conceive. Lifted up from earth to heaven, we are surrounded by the angelic hosts in a state of rebellion against their Maker! War of every kind is dreadful, but the war of devils against an Omnipotent Being fills the mind with a sacred astonishment. The leaders of such a horrible conflict irresistibly seize the attention, and the faculties of our souls are absorbed in the supernatural theme. The characteristic qualities of these infernal chieftains are by Milton decisively marked; we perceive that they are perfectly distinct from each other, yet evidently of the same *Satanic* family. Their operations also are nobly conceived and grandly executed. Their debates discover great minds bent on great mischief. As the sun thorn of its beams, so Satan, in particular, retains much of his original splendor.

Being the hero of the poem, and the character in which Milton has displayed most ability, we shall transcribe a few of his descriptions.

The person of Satan is thus delineated:—

. "The superior fiend
 " Was moving toward the shore; his pond'rous shield
 " Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 " Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 " Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb,
 " Through optic glas, the Tuscan artist views
 " At evening from the top of Fesale *,
 " Or in Valdaro †, to descry new lands,

* A city in Tuscany. † The valley of Arno, in Italy.

" Rivers,

“ Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.
 “ His spear, to equal which, the tallest pine,
 “ Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 “ Of some great ammiral, were but a waud
 “ He walked with to support uneasy steps
 “ Over the burning marle !”

Satan’s exclamation also, upon his entrance into Hell, is equally characteristic :—

“ Is this the region, this the soil, the clime ?
 “ Said then the lost archangel—this thefeat
 “ That we must change for Heav’n, this mournful gloom
 “ For that celestial light ? Be it so—since he
 “ Who now is soy’reign can dispose and bid
 “ What shall be right ; farthest from him is best
 “ Whom reason hath equal’d force hath made supreme
 “ Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 “ Where joy forever dwells : Hail, horrors ! hail,
 “ Infernal world ! and thou profoundest Hell
 “ Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings
 “ A mind not to be chang’d by place or time.
 “ The mind is its own place, and in itself
 “ Can make a Heav’n of Hell—a Hell of Heav’n.”

The following expressions, likewise, are finely indicative of his desperate determinations :—

“ So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear ;
 “ Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost :
 “ *Evil, be thou my good !*—by thee, at least,
 “ Divided empire with Heav’n’s king I hold,
 “ By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign
 “ As man ere long, and this *new* world shall know.”

Finally, his address to his fellow-devils “ floundering ” on the surface of the burning lake after their fall, is peculiarly sublime, and full of terror. This scene was most ably represented by the pencil of Lawrence, with an allusion to that particular moment when Satan exclaimed, in horrible accents :—

“ Awake ! arise !—or be **FOREVER** fallen !”

Sublimity

Sublimity is the prominent feature of *Paradise Lost*. The first and second books are almost continued instances of the sublime. The prospect of Hell, and of the fallen host—the appearance and behaviour of Satan—the consultation of the infernal chiefs, and Satan's flight through Chaos, astonish and confound our loftiest conceptions.

"Milton's sublimity, (says an ingenious critic), is of a different kind from that of Homer. Homer's is generally accompanied with fire and impetuosity, Milton's possesses more of a calm and amazing grandeur. Homer warms and hurries us along, Milton fixes us in a state of astonishment and elevation. Homer's sublimity appears most in the description of actions, Milton's in that of wonderful and stupendous objects!"

But let not the Reader imagine, that sublimity be the only characteristic of *Paradise Lost*. Beauty also in all her variegated forms is to be found in this poem, particularly towards the close, where the affections and passions of our first parents are pourtrayed with inimitable tenderness. Their innocence, their weakness in submitting to the Tempter, their mutual reproaches after transgression, and their sincere repentance, are delineated with a masterly hand. The assurance which Eve gives to Adam of her affection, is expressed in terms, the beauty of which will be discerned and acknowledged by every feeling heart :

" Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
 " With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun
 " When first on this delightful land he spreads
 " His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 " Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 " After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
 " Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
 " With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 " And these the gems of heaven her starry strain :
 " But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 " With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun

“ On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower
“ Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
“ Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
“ With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
“ Or glittering star-light, *without THEE* is sweet.”

The *actual quitting* of Eden by our first parents excites a pleasing melancholy, and with these lines, descriptive of that sad event the poem concludes:—

“ In either hand the hast’ning angel caught
“ Our lingering parents, and to th’ eastern gate
“ Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
“ To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
“ They looking back, all the eastern side beheld
“ Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
“ Wav’d over by that flaming brand, the gate
“ With dreadful faces throng’d and fiery arms:
“ Some natural tears they dropp’d, but wip’d them soon,
“ The world was all before them where to choose
“ Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
“ They hand in hand with wand’ring steps, and slow,
“ Through Eden took their solitary way.”

It is remarkable that this extraordinary poem, with all this merit, was not at first well received, or rather so egregiously neglected. To various causes this circumstance may be ascribed. The political sentiments of its author, the false taste of the times in which he lived, and the little attention paid to merit of any kind, were certainly part of the causes which operated on the occasion. Milton, however, with a genuine greatness of mind, appears not to have been in the least depressed. “Fancy (says Dr. Johnson), can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progres of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without

without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation."

Many more pages might be taken up in remarks on *Paradise Lost*, but our limits forbid a much greater enlargement*. We shall now close this sketch with the opinions of two professed critics, of a modern date, whose reputation is great in the literary world.

" On the whole (says Dr. Hugh Blair), *Paradise Lost* is a poem that abounds with beauties of every kind, and that justly entitles its author to a degree of fame, not inferior to any poet ; though it must be also admitted to have many inequalities. It is the lot of almost every high and daring genius not to be uniform and correct. Milton is too frequently theological and metaphysical ; sometimes harsh in his language, often too technical in his words, and affectedly ostentatious in his learning. Many of his faults must be attributed to the age in which he lived. He discovers a vigour, a grasp of genius equal to every thing that is great ; if at sometimes he falls much below himself, at other times he rises above every poet of the ancient or modern world !"

" The thoughts which are occasionally called forth (remarks Dr. Samuel Johnson) in the progress of *Paradise Lost*, are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited enquiry. The heat of Milton's mind might be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science unmixed with its grosser parts. He had considered creation in its whole extent,

* We refer the Reader to the exquisite *critique* of Addison, contained in the *Spectator*, a work almost in everybody's hands. This series of criticisms is to be found also prefixed to many of the editions of *Paradise Lost*, particularly to that of Bishop Newton's which is the best, on account of the manner in which it was published, and of the collection of Notes with which it is accompanied.

and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions, therefore, were extensive. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace, but his natural fort is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required, but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings—to trace the counsels of *Hell*, or accompany the choirs of *Heaven!*[†]

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXIII.]

DR. JOHNSON

COMPOSED the Parliamentary speeches which at that time were published in the magazines, from the beginning of the session, which opened in November 1740, to the debate on Spirituous Liquors, which happened in the House of Lords in February 1742-3. The eloquence, the force of argument, and the splendor of language, displayed in the several speeches, are well known and universally admired. That Johnson was the

† John Milton was born in Bread-street, London, 1608, died 1674, near Bunhill-row, and was buried at Cripplegate-church, where, near to the pulpit, may be seen a small neat marble tablet dedicated to his memory.

author

author of the debates during that period was at that time not generally known ; but the secret transpired several years afterwards, and was avowed by himself on the following occasion. Mr. Wedderburne (now Lord Loughborough) Dr. Johnson, Dr. Francis (the translator of Horace) Mr. Arthur Murphy, and others, dined with the late Mr. Foote. An important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed, " That Mr. Pitt's speech on that occasion was the best he had ever read." He added, " That he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity, but he had attained nothing equal to the speech above-mentioned." Many of the company remembered the debate ; and some passages were cited, with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardor of conversation Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, Dr. Johnson opened with these words :—" That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter-street." The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr. Francis asked, " how that speech could be written by him."—" Sir," said Johnson, " I wrote it in Exeter-street. I never had been in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave* had interest with the door-keepers. He, and the persons employed under him, gained admittance : they brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the Parliamentary debates." To this discovery Dr. Francis made answer :—" Then, sir, you have exceeded Demosthenes himself; for to say that

* The proprietor of the Magazine.

you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes, would be saying nothing." The rest of the company followed up this with a volume of encomiums.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF GENIUS.

THE fate of men of genius has sometimes been singularly unfortunate. *Piautus* turned a mill; *Terence* was a slave; *Bætius* died in a goal; *Paulo Borghese* had fourteen different trades, yet starved with all; *Tasso* was often distressed for five shillings; *Bentivoglio* was refused admission into an hospital which he himself erected; *Butler's* talents were not fifty pounds advantage to the possessor; but the name he acquired induced an alderman to erect a moment to his memory; *Cervantes* and *Otway* died of hunger; *Camœns* ended his days in an hospital, and *Vaugelas* left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts, as far as it would go.— Such melancholy instances are on record. Such things were, we are also afraid that such things are!

QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND THE MEN OF COVENTRY.

THE men of Coventry addressed Queen Elizabeth in the following lines:—

We men of Coventry,
Are very glad to see
Your gracious Majesty;
Good Lord! how fair you be!

The Queen, in the true spirit of this address, replied:—

My gracious Majesty,
Is very glad to see
You men of Coventry;
Good Lord! what fools you be!

JAMES THE FIRST.

THE ancient town of Shrewsbury told this monarch, that they wished his majesty might reign as long as the sun,

fun, moon, and stars endured. To this compliment James shrewdly remarked, "That if their wishes were fulfilled, his son must reign by candle-light."

CORNISH MAYOR.

THIS mayor was going with an address to court, and being totally unacquainted with the *etiquette* of the place, had a burges along with him to instruct him in the business. Full of apprehensions, Mr. Mayor was conducted into the royal presence, his friend attending close to his ear. Embarrassed at the appearance of royalty, he seemed so awkward in his demeanour, that his prompter leaning over his shoulder whispered to him: "Hold up your head, sir, and look like a man." This the unfortunate mayor mistook for an introductory speech, and in a very audible voice repeated it to the king. His friend, alarmed at the mistake, whispered a second time, "Zounds! if you go on as you have begun, sir, you'll ruin us all." The tone with which this was uttered alarmed the poor magistrate, and at the moment of presenting the petition, he repeated in a still louder tone than he had before spoken:—"If you go on as you have begun, sir, you'll ruin us all!" and made a precipitate retreat without the honour of knighthood.

GONDEBAUT, DUKE OF BURGUNDY,

Made laws, that any person that stole a dog was to lick his posteriors in the presence of a whole company. The stealer of a hawk also was obliged to let that bird eat five ounces of flesh from his stomach, unless he chose rather to pay six crowns to the proprietor, and two as a fine to the exchequer.

CHARLES IX.

King of France, composed a learned treatise on stag-hunting. It was printed at Paris in 1625, and is dedicated to Louis XIII.

SERJEANT MAYNARD.

THE lawyers were the first to congratulate our glorious deliverer, King William, 1688. They sent an address to him by the hand of the venerable Serjeant Maynard, at that time upwards of eighty years old. When the King received it, he congratulated the old man on his good health, adding, "I think, sir, you have outlived most of your brethren of the law in this kingdom." "Had it not been," replied the Serjeant, "for your Majesty's arrival, I should have survived the *law itself!*"

OLD PARR.

WHEN this strange old man was introduced to Charles I. and his queen, he presented a petition, mentioning his great age, and intreating such notice as they should think proper to bestow. "And pray, old man," said the queen, what have you, who have lived so long, done more than other men? "An' please your majesty," replied Parr, "I did penance for a bastard child when I was above an hundred years old."

TICKELL,

Alluding to the scripture expressions:—"Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord," produced in one of his poems the following lines:—

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career:
Ah! had he *there* restrain'd his tyrant hand!—

APPARENT DEATH.

Dr. CRICHTON, in his essay on *Mental Derangement*, tells, that—A young lady, an attendant on a foreign princess, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was, at last, to all appearance deprived of life.

Her

Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and her body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which *she died*, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral was fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed on the surface of her body. She recovered. The following is the account she gave of her sensations : she said—“ It seemed to her as if in a dream, that she was really dead, yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of the coffin. She felt them pull on the dead cloaths and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which she could not describe. She tried to cry out, but her mind was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her own body, and not in it, at the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavoured to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be *buried alive* was the first which gave activity to her mind, and enabled it to operate on her corporeal frame.”

ANTIPATHIES.

HENRY III. of France could not remain alone in a room in which there was a cat. The Duke *d'Epernon* used to faint at the sight of a leveret. Marshal *d'Albert* was indisposed at table whenever they served up a young wild boar, or a sucking pig. *Uladislas*, king of Poland, was deranged and took to flight whenever apples were brought before him. *Erasmus* could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever. *Scaliger* trembled at the

the sight of water-cresses. *Tycho Brache* felt his limbs sink under him whenever he met with a hare or a fox. The Chancellor *Bacon* swooned whenever there was an eclipse of the moon. *Boyle* fell into convulsions in hearing the sound of water from a cock. *La Mothe le Vayer* could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, yet had exquisite pleasure from the noise of thunder. An Englishman, in the last century, was near expiring whenever they read to him the 53d chapter of *Isaiah*, and a Spaniard nearly at the same time fell into a syncope whenever he heard the word *lana*, (wool) though his coat was made of that material.

NORRIS.

THE poems of this excellent and learned divine (who flourished towards the close of the last century) are almost forgotten, yet in them are to be found the following beautiful lines on the dissolution of the world :—

The waves of fire more proudly roll,
The fiends in their deep caverns howl,
And with the frightful trumpet mix their hideous cry.
Now is the tragic scene begun,
The fire in triumph marches on,
The earth's girt round with flames, and seems another sun !

Of the Saviour of mankind at that awful period, he also thus expressively speaks :—

Lo ! with a mighty host he comes,
I see the parted clouds give way,
I see the banner of the cross display ;
Death's conqueror in pomp appears,
In his right hand a palm he bears,
And in his look—redemption wears.

Upon the influence of the divine presence, the poet breaks out in the following pleasing strains :—

How cold this clime ! and yet my sense
Perceives, even here, thine influence,

Even

Even here thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
 And pant and tremble like the amorous steel :
 To lower good, and beauties less divine,
 Sometimes my varying needle does decline ;
 But yet so strong the sympathy,
 It turns and points again to thee ?

This author combated with great acuteness several points contained in Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

ON

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

" God made the Country—Man made the Town."

COWPER.

THE pleasures of a country life are those enjoyments which are peculiar to rural and retired situations. There nature herself presides, arrayed in her richest apparel. Every surrounding object discovers the omnipotence of HIM who alone created the universe ! Even the least of his works displays extensive power, wisdom, and goodness. By the contemplation of the numberless wonders of creation, we are led to exclaim with our first parents :—

“ “ Thyself how wond’rous then !
 “ Unspeakable ! who fit’st above these heavens,
 “ To us invisible, or dimly seen
 “ In these thy lowliest works, yet these declare
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.”

MILTON.

The pleasures of a country life have been the theme of pastoral poetry for more than two thousand years as far back as the days of *Ptolemy*. *Theocritus*, a poet of Sicily, wrote on this delightful subject. *Virgil* also composed his eclogues in celebration of rural pleasures.

Even.

Even to the present time it is a species of poetry much cultivated and greatly admired.

The tranquillity experienced in a country life is an advantage which all must allow it possesses in a high degree. Few situations are capable of affording that content and serenity which we generally see attendant on a retired state. There we are encompassed by the beauties of nature scattered around us with an elegant profusion; every object to which the eye is directed tends to calm the tumultuous passions, and awaken the more tender emotions of the soul. We survey with admiration the scenes presented to our view. They lift the soul above itself, and diffuse through our whole frames an indescribable tranquillity:

..... "The fall of kings,
" The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
" Move not the man who from the world escaped
" In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes
" To nature's voice attends———"

As in the country we are more excluded from society than in populous cities, so are we less likely to be perpetually interrupted by unwelcome intrusions. From the various occurrences incident to a public life we are, in a great measure, exempted. We enjoy the advantages of solitude without secluding ourselves from the world. We experience the sweets of retirement without maintaining the detested sentiments of philanthropy. "The great and the worthy, the pious and the virtuous, (says a learned divine*) have ever been addicted to *serious retirement*. It is the characteristic of little and frivolous minds to be wholly occupied with the vulgar objects of life. These fill up their desires and supply all the entertainment their coarse apprehensions can relish. But a more refined and enlarged mind leaves the world behind it, feels a call for higher pleasures, and seeks them in retreat. The man of public spirit has recourse to it

* Blair.

in order to form plans for general good; the man of genius in order to dwell on his favourite themes; the philosopher to pursue his discoveries; and the saint to improve himself in grace." There, indeed, we have leisure both for study and meditation. But if we neglect to seize the opportunity of improvement with which we are then favoured, we may assure ourselves that we should disregard it in every other situation. There are few persons so entirely engrossed by business, that some moments are not found which want employment. Let those moments then be devoted to reading and to the improvement of the mind. By the acquisition of knowledge we improve our faculties and become refined in our ideas; our thoughts are less confused, and our passions are reduced to a greater degree of subjection. By meditation we attain that greatest of all acquisitions, an acquaintance with ourselves. We examine our own hearts and discern the most secret blemishes attached to our characters. We perceive many imperfections, of which we had not previously the least suspicion. For these and such like exercises the country must undoubtedly receive the preference. We there enjoy that tranquillity which meliorates the mind, and which renders us capable of acquiring every species of knowledge which it is necessary for man to possess.

The mind, continually agitated by the vexations and disappointments to which it is exposed in a public station, is seldom in a disposition adapted to religious duties. The spirits are continually ruffled by contending passions which entirely unfit us for serious employments. But in the country these causes are less frequent and the effects less visible; there we often find ourselves excluded from the cares of the world with minds calm and composed. With avidity should those moments be seized for the exercise of those religious duties which it is incumbent in every christian to fulfil. No opportunity should escape us which may contribute to secure our future happiness. The tranquillity of a country life

is its chief recommendation. It is more suited than any other to render us happy in this world, and to ensure our eternal felicity.

The country affords also an unlimited variety of amusements, which renovate the faculties, divert the attention, and qualify the mind to renew its exertions with redoubled vigour. The ancient and heroic exercise of hunting is there practised with the pleasures attendant on its pursuit. They must be dull souls, indeed, who are not animated by the delights of the chace. We hear of the fame of this sport from the earliest ages, for Nimrod was a mighty hunter. The other sports are admirably calculated to strengthen the constitution, promote health, and invigorate the mind. They are conducive to early rising, and if not pursued to the neglect of more important duties, are both innocent and delightful recreations. Who has not read *The Chace of Somerville* with delight?

A more tranquil, but not less agreeable amusement is that derived from fishing. When this sport is followed with spirit, few pleasures can afford equal entertainment. The pursuit of it allures us to those delightful scenes where nature with a bountiful hand has distributed her choicest gifts. Angling is to be preferred before the other kinds of fishing. It yields more genuine sport and greater variety. To enter upon a dissertation on angling is not my intention; for to *Walton's Complete Angler*, the best publication on this subject, I shall refer the reader who delights in the sport. He will there find himself amply recompensed for the time he may spend in its perusal. Angling, let it be remembered, is the only entertainment which leaves the mind at liberty to pursue a train of useful reflections:—

Of recreations there is none
So free, as fishing is alone,
All other pastimes do no less,
Than mind and body both possess:

My

My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

ANGLER'S SONG.

Those whose inclinations do not lead them to these recreations, may find abundant amusement in walking, and riding on horseback. They have opportunities of contemplating the works of nature, and of familiarising their minds to her beauties. The study of botany to those who delight in it may be greatly promoted by these exercises. The advantages of conversation are enjoyed whilst thus engaged in a superior manner. Almost every object may give rise to some entertaining or useful observation. These excursions are calculated both to form and cement friendships. Men when exempt from interruptions converse more freely upon every subject. They learn to place that mutual confidence which must endear them to each other. Health, the greatest blessing which can be bestowed on man, is enjoyed in the country beyond any other situation. The necessary ingredients for its preservation there alone are found. The purity and salubrity of the air, the fragrance of the herbs with which the country is covered, and the small number of inhabitants, are all circumstances in favour of health. Temperance, than which nothing more tends to the preservation of the constitution, is much more attached to the country than to the metropolis. One enjoyment more, by no means the least I have mentioned, is that sweet and undisturbed repose which is peculiarly experienced in retirement. The causes to which uninterrupted rest may be attributed are health, frugality, and a mind divested of the fear of danger, known to those alone who live in a state of retirement.

I shall close these cursory observations with one of Pope's earliest productions, which, in my own opinion, comprehends every thing necessary for the happiness of man on this side the tomb :—

“ ODE TO SOLITUDE.

“ Happy the man, whose wish and care
 “ A few paternal acres bound,
 “ Content to breathe his native air,
 “ In his own ground.

 “ Whose herds with milk, whose field with bread,
 “ Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 “ Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 “ In winter, fire.

 “ Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 “ Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 “ In health of body, peace of mind;
 “ Quiet by day.

 “ Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 “ Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
 “ And innocence, which most does please,
 “ With meditation.

 “ Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
 “ Thus unlamented let me die;
 “ Steal from the world, and not a stonc
 “ Tell where I lie.”

Heath-Cottage, Middlesex,
Oct. 23, 1798.

J. S.

THE QUARREL OF
 MR. DAVID HUME, AND J. J. ROUSSEAU,
 BY LORD ORFORD*.

I WENT to Paris in 1765. Mr. Hume was there, secretary to the English ambassador, the Earl of

* This quarrel between *Hume* and *Rousseau*, both of them the most celebrated characters of the age, cannot fail to be interesting to the literary reader, particularly as detailed by Lord Orford, who was one of the parties concerned. For this reason has it found a place in our *Miscellany*.

Hertford.

Hertford. About that time the curate of Motiers in Switzerland had excited the mob against Rousseau, and it was no longer safe for him to stay in that country. He petitioned the magistrates of the place to imprison him, affirming that he was troubled with a rupture, and in so bad a state of health that it was impossible for him to travel. There was no law in Switzerland against ruptures, and the magistrates could not comply with his request. Mr. Hume was desired by some friends of Rousseau to procure him a retreat in England, and undertook it zealously. He spoke to me, and said, he had thoughts to obtaining permission for him to live in Richmond New Park. I said an old groom, that had been servant of my father, was one of the keepers there, had a comfortable little lodge in a retired part of that park, and I could answer for procuring a lodging there. We afterwards recollect that Lord Bute was ranger of the park, and might not care to have a man who had given much offence by his writings to pious persons, appear to be particularly under his protection ; on which we dropped that idea. Sir Gilbert Elliot was then at Paris, and going to England : to him Mr. Hume applied to look out for some solitary habitation for Rousseau, as the latter had desired.

The King of Prussia, hearing that Rousseau could not remain in Switzerland, had offered him a retreat in his dominions, which Rousseau declined. It happened that I was one evening at Madame Geoffrin's in a mixed company, where the conversation turned on this refusal, and many instances were quoted of Rousseau's affected singularities, and of his projects to make himself celebrated by courting persecution. I dropped two or three things that diverted the company, of whom Monsieur Helvetius was one. When I went home, I reduced those thoughts into a little letter from the King of Prus-

sia to Rousseau*, and dining next day with M. Helvetius, I showed it to him. He was much diverted with it, and pointed out one or two faults in the French, which I am far from pretending to write correctly. A day or two afterwards I showed it to two or three persons at Madame de Rochfort's, who were all pleased with it, among whom the Duc de Nivernois proposed the alteration of one verb. I showed the letter to Madame du Deffand, and she desired to communicate it to the President Henault, and he changed the construction of the last phrase, though the thought remained exactly the same. Madame de Jonsac, the president's niece, said, if I had a mind it should appear, she would disperse it without letting the author be known: I replied, No, it had never been intended for the public, was a private piece of pleasantry, and I had no mind it

* The letter was as follows:

“ Le Roi de PRUSSE à Mons. ROUSSEAU.

“ Mon chere Jean Jacques,

“ Vous avez renoncé à Geneve votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chassé de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décreté.

“ Venez donc chez moi: j'admire vos talents; je m'amuse de vos reveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fachera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persister à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits: et ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persecuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être. Votre bon ami.

FREDERIC.”

should

should be talked of. One night at Madame du Deffand's, the latter desired me to read it to Madame la Marechale de Mirepoix, who liked it so much, that she insisted upon having a copy ; and this, as far as I can remember, was the first occasion of the dispersion.

I have recounted circumstantially the trifling incidents of the corrections of the letter, because they were afterwards most unjustly the occasion of the letter being imputed to one who had not the smallest share in it, and who was aspersed from private pique. As soon as the letter made a noise, I was so afraid of affecting to write French better than I could, that I mentioned every where, and particularly to M. Diderot at Baron Holbach's, that the letter had been corrected, though I did not tell by whom, for fear of involving others in a dispute ; but I never, as M. D'Alembert has falsely asserted, avowed that I had any assistance in the composition, which would have been an untruth. This attention of not committing others, has since most absurdly been complained of by D'Alembert. Has he set his name to every thing he has written ? Do his principles lead him to betray every thing that has passed in confidence between him and others ? But I shall unmask his motives, and detect his spleen. He had formerly been a great friend of Madame du Deffand. She had brought to Paris a poor young gentlewoman, a Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, who lived with her as a companion. They had quarrelled (I neither know nor care about what) some time before I came to Paris, and had parted. Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse had talents, drew company and authors about her, and of the latter, D'Alembert was the most assiduous ; and a total coolness ensued between him and Madame du Deffand. The latter soon after my arrival had shown me great distinctions and kindness. Mr. Hume proposed to carry me to Mademoiselle de Espinasse, where I might be sure of seeing D'Alembert. I said, I had not the honour of knowing Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse ; that

Madame

Madame da Deffand had been remarkably good to me, and as I understand they did not love one another, I did not care to disoblige Madame du Deffand, nor to be involved in a quarrel with which I had nothing to do; and for Monsieur D'Alembert, I was mighty indifferent about seeing him; that is was not my custom to seek authors, who are a conceited troublesome set of people, and that I was not come to Paris to pay homage to their vanity. This was by no means levelled particularly at D'Alembert, of whom I knew nothing, but so much my way of thinking, that in seven months and a half that I was at Paris, I would visit but two authors, whom I infinitely preferred to all the rest, which were the younger Crebillon and Monsieur Buffon, the latter of whom is one of the most amiable, modest, humane men I ever knew. This neglect of D'Alembert and his friend, and my attachment to Madame du Deffand, was not to be forgiven; and I am glad he did not forgive it, as it drew him to expose his peevish spite.

Mr. Hume remained some time longer at Paris; and though he lodged in the same hotel with me, I declare, and Mr. Crawfurd is my witness, that I never showed or mentioned the King of Prussia's letter to him.

In the mean time, a passport had been obtained for Rousseau; and notwithstanding he was incapable of travelling, he came to Paris in his Arminian habit, which he had worn some time, as he said, to conceal his rupture. He was lodged by the Prince of Conti in the Temple; several persons obtained his permission to visit him, though he made it a great favour, and yet he was so good as to indulge the curiosity of the multitude, by often walking in the public walks, where the singularity of his dress prevented his escaping their eyes. He staid a fortnight, till the parliament who had passed a decree against him began to complain of his residence in their jurisdiction. On their murmurs, the ministers alledged that the passport had been granted merely to facilitate his journey to England, and was not understood to extend beyond

beyond two or three days. The Dukes of Choiseul told me, that the Duke her husband was very angry that his indulgence had been abused, and at Rousseau's public exhibition of himself. I said, I hoped the Duke would excuse Rousseau's delay, as I knew he had staid in complaisance to Mr. Hume, who had not been ready to depart. She replied, "Then he paid more deference to friendship than to obedience." Mr. Hume and Rousseau set out for England. They had not been there many days before accounts were written from thence to Paris of Rousseau's vanity and extravagant folly; as of his complaining to Mr. Hume one afternoon that few persons had been to see him that day; and of his refusing to settle in a gentleman's family because the latter would not admit Rousseau's housekeeper to dine with his wife. I pitied Mr. Hume, and thought, as I had done before, that he would be heartily sick of his charge; but Mr. Hume was beyond measure attached to him, and thought he could not do too much to please him and compensate for his past misfortunes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE DESIRE OF PRAISE.

WHERE is the man whose heart does not glow at the language of commendation? It is a stimulus of whose power it may safely be asserted none are unconscious. The love of praise in the morning of our days is peculiarly strong. Before we are grown callous by our commerce with the world, "e'er we are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men, and our nice sense of honour blunted, how tremblingly alive are all our mental feelings to the keen sting of rebuke, and at the same time how ready are all our generous sensibilities to vibrate to the voice of praise? It is the soul of enterprize, the nerve of exertion, the spur to a thousand great and arduous actions. Enlisted in the cause

of

of folly and vice, it has produced consequences of the utmost importance, and shall it cease to be energetic only when engaged in the better service of virtue?

To point out a few of the good effects which this principle may have in promoting the grand cause of virtue, and to caution against its excess, shall be the subjects of this short essay. The love of praise will prove an effectual bar to sloth and inactivity. Idleness is not only inconsistent with, but totally destructive of excellence of character. Eminence in fame is not to be attained, but by eminence of exertion. The wreath of glory will never encircle that brow which has not laboured in its pursuit. The palm of victory will never adorn that hand which has not toiled to possest it. And is toil, are labour and fatigue likely to be endured by that man who has no stimulus to urge him on? Is he who blinded by arrogance and self-conceit, thinks he has already attained, likely to appear triumphant at the goal of honour? Which character, I would ask, in the eye of reason bids the fairest for success; he, who with that distinguishing quality of stoicism, its apathy, is deaf to the language of commendation; or the man whose heart (alive to every finer sensibility) beats high at the reception of praise, and triumphs in the plaudits, which at once confirm and reward his exertions?

The love of praise does not merely stimulate us to do what we have reason to think will procure it, but where it has gained possession of the heart, urges us, with an almost irresistible impulse, to do it in the best manner. Mediocrity will not satisfy the bosom which glows with this generous principle. A thirst for glory aspires by ardour of pursuit, and excellence of exertion, to secure the loudest applause.

In all ages, when acting in a proper subordination to the principle of virtue, the desire of praise has produced the most illustrious effects. To this principle most of the splendid, and many of the useful enterprizes of men owe their existence. It has animated the vigour of the hero

hero in his pursuit after glory, and swelled the bosom of the patriot with double ardour in the cause of freedom, and his country. This principle has clothed the harangues of the orator with the graces of eloquence. This has warmed with an animation, sometimes almost more than human, the genius of the poet. Thus stimulated, the historian has performed his tedious task, has marked the lapse of time, and traced the revolutions of empires; and is it too much to say, that by this principle the philosopher has, not unfrequently, been supported in his toilsome examination of the phenomena of nature. Of the truth of this assertion the long catalogue of illustrious names which the history of past ages has handed down to us, is an ample proof.

It follows, that if this principle has had a considerable share in originally forming those characters which have illuminated and adorned the world; if it has excited to enterprize, and stimulated to the attainment of excellence, it certainly cannot be a matter of little consequence, whether it receive a *wrong* or a *right* direction. The attainment of praise is an object of general desire. If true praise is not sought for in the path of virtue, its counterfeit will be followed in the ways of vice. Motives for its pursuit can never be wanting, while an individual exists to repay exertions with applause,

Our great care then should be, to give this principle an early bias in favour of virtue. If in the spring of life, when the mind is flexible and pliant, the seeds of virtue be then plenteously and deeply sown, they will not in succeeding years be easily eradicated. To attempt the destruction of this principle, is to deprive virtue of one of her best guards; it is to break down the walls of the mind, and expose it, open, and defenceless, to the inroads of a thousand dishonourable passions. The man on whose cheek shame never imprinted a blush, or whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not at all likely to distinguish himself by the noble tendency of his pursuits, or the ardour and perseverance of his exertions.

exertions. In vain are exhortation, advice, or rebuke addressed to that bosom which is neither afraid of disgrace, nor animated with the desire of applause. From hence it is evident, that the cultivation of this principle in the human heart should be assiduously regarded.

The limits beyond which the desire of praise becomes instead of a virtuous a dangerous passion, should be pointed out with clearness and precision. The praise of our fellow creatures may be justly sought so far as is consistent with an adherence to more substantial principles. Whenever the applause of men, and the approbation of heaven come in competition, we cannot hesitate a moment as to which should give way. In such a case the reproach of the whole world, could it possibly be pointed against us, would be the truest praise. It were easy to produce a number of arguments to prove the justice of this assertion. The praise of men, as it is by no means the constant reward of great abilities, and worthy actions, is not an object of such sterling value as to authorize its becoming the leading principle of our conduct. Too frequently, the most undeserving of the human race, by dexterously shaping themselves to the fashion of the "varying hour," have become the idols of popular favour, while characters of real integrity and worth, if they have not incurred by their virtue persecution and reproach, have at least suffered the pain of having their actions ascribed to unworthy motives, and have seen themselves forgotten and neglected by those very men, who owed their exaltation to their friendship, and who were reaping the fruits of their labours. A love of indiscriminate praise is apt to hurry those who are actuated by it, not only to the very extent, but beyond the limits which virtue prescribes to her followers. It is a passion of so powerful a nature, that unless it be carefully watched it will absorb every other. Accustomed to seek for happiness in the reception of praise, that supreme regard we ought ever to pay to the approbation

bation of heaven, will be in danger of falling a sacrifice to the excessive thirst for human applause.

It is also to be observed, that if the pursuit of this object be too eager, it will, in most cases, disappoint itself. Let the world know that your happiness depends upon its opinion, and you will soon be the most abject of all vassals! In fine, every thing considered, we may assure ourselves that nothing but an uniform and steady perseverance in the path of rectitude and truth, can ensure us lasting and valuable praise. Thus regulated, let us cultivate in our minds this manly and honourable principle, and so far as we can secure with it the honest plaudit of a well-informed conscience, invariably follow its dictates. To assist us in our pursuit of true glory, let us avail ourselves of those motives with which it will furnish our minds. But when it would betray us into any thing inconsistent with the approbation of God, then let us remember, that a firm adherence to more sacred principles is the line of conduct which virtue herself has prescribed.

Sidbury Vale.

E. B.

ON COURTESY.

" Oh! Courtesy, how wonderful is thy power. Thy gentle
" influence, stealing softly to the heart, smoothes every
" asperity, subdues each unkindly emotion, and by a gra-
" dual metamorphosis exchanges the gloom of sullenness
" into the smile of complacency."

WARNER'S *Walk into Wales* *.

THE pleasure arising from courtesy almost exceeds description. From our equals we may expect that portion of attention which we bestow on them. But when we are treated courteously by strangers, and

* See the Review of this pleasing performance in the last Volume of the VISITOR.

VOL. V.

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by

by superiors, our breasts feel emotions of the sweetest kind. The pang of poverty is for awhile suspended by its witching power, and life rendered of greater value the more it is practised.

Every young man's conduct on his first entrance into life should be adorned with it; it is the means by which he may ascend to the summit of fame, and gain entrance into the temple of riches.

To every attainment it adds a charm, and though a man may be endowed with virtue, with sense, with integrity, with generosity, with quick perceptive powers, and with acute wit, yet if he is destitute of courtesy his character is unfinished, and the absence of this desirable quality throws a shade upon all his other amiable graces. Amongst the majority of mankind there is a spirit of folly, instead of dignity, which influences their conduct to each other; they imagine that by reserve and haughtiness they shall be more respected, and that complaisance would inevitably produce inattention and impertinence. Alas! how weak and ridiculous are those persons. The very conduct they practise to gain respect excites the bitterness of reproach, and gives rise to the violence of hostility.

To the general practice of courtesy must be ascribed the great success which many meet with in trade. The soldier by its influence is raised to eminence in his profession, and the prelate elevated to independence.—Worth and learning also are by these means sometimes led from their lowly habitations to grace that public situation in which, too frequently, vice and folly, through the corrupt suffrages of mankind, are placed.

Destitute of courtesy, the most splendid circles would be scarcely better than a tumultuous meeting of the lowest orders of society. The pleasures of neighbourhood are greatly heightened by its influence. Instead of that chilling reserve, and ill-natured demeanor, which are too often practised, how charming is it to behold fair courtesy prompting the morning's salutation, and the

the evening's adieu ! At stated times, when gathered together by invitation, Oh ! how felicitous a sight to see them sitting around the social board, enjoying converse, and imparting joy. Around the room, perhaps, their little ones are playing, or in the garden amusing themselves with their childish sports. Hence, often-times, are sown in the tender breast the first seeds of friendship, kindness, and knowledge ; for frequently the elder children of cultivated parents take a pleasure in correcting the inaccuracies of expression, or of sentiment, that fall from younger lips.

A thousand inexpressible enjoyments flow from this divine source. Where courtesy is neglected, the wild deserts of Africa would be a more desirable abode, and its inhabitants the more agreeable neighbours and associates. The benefits arising from it are incalculable ; it relaxes the stern looks of an estranged friend into a smile ; in trade, it frequently regains lost connections ; contemporaries in learning, it makes good-humoured and candid ; rival beauties are rendered not unpleasant in company, and sometimes it vanquishes the asperities of enmity. From the high polish which females in high stations in general receive, and which is now imitated by almost every person of respectability and fortune, it is indispensably necessary for young men to acquire an habitual courtesy, that they may render themselves suitable and agreeable companions to their female friends.

There is, in courtesy, a secret charm that delights the eye, and more powerfully pleases the heart, than any other attainment. Though many learned men of cloistered life may think it beneath their dignity to seek the attainment of it ; yet when they observe the general satisfaction it diffuses, they must be compelled to acknowledge its powerful effects, and wish that it was united along with their other endowments.

To those whom adversity has driven into servitude and dependence, courtesy is like the balm of consolation

to their wounded spirits ; it lightens the burthen of their calamities, and excites a cheerful acquiescence in the dispensations of providence. The indignities which they once thought they should feel, courtesy convinces them existed only in their timorous imaginations. They are now persuaded that many are to be found who treat their inferiors as fellow creatures, and who justly think they differ not so much in sentiments, as in the mode of delivering them. Entertaining these just ideas, and giving full scope to the practice of them, each individual of a family feels that serenity of mind which few enjoy in elevated situations.

Surveyed on a more general scale, it will be found that courtesy has a tendency to soothe the turbulent passions of men, and render less violent the conflict of contending factions ; it may hush the clamours of discontent, silence the hissings of envy, and restrain the outrages of the bold and the impetuous ; hence will follow, instead of tumult and dissatisfaction, tranquillity and obedience ; labour will be uninterrupted by discord, peace established, and property secured on firm foundations.

Oh Courtesy ! inspire MAN with an ample portion of thy spirit—then will HE be inclined to the practice of kind actions and engaging manners, imparting pleasure to society, and felicity to friendship.

Fort-street, Sept. 5, 1798.

J. S.

THE POWER OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS,
AND MORE PARTICULARLY ON

*The Effect of the Concert tried upon the ELEPHANTS in the
BOTANIC GARDEN, at PARIS.*

THE Orchestra was placed so as to be out of the sight of the Elephants, in a gallery that runs above their booths, and that stood around a trap-door, which was opened but at the moment the concert was to begin.

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In order to leave a larger and freer space to Hunz and Marguerite (the two elephants) they were left to the full enjoyment of the two booths which they generally inhabit, so that they might come and go from each other as they pleased. Every thing being ready, and the instruments being attuned, a profound silence took place around them ; the trap-door was silently raised, while, in order to produce the effects of surprise, Cornack, their keeper, kept them occupied by treating them with some dainty food.

The Concert was then opened with some light varied airs for two violins, and a bass in *si major*, in the moderate character.

The first tones were scarcely expressed, when Hunz and Marguerite became all attention, and ceased to feed. They next ran towards the place from whence the music proceeded. The trap-door, which they saw opened over their heads ; the instruments, of novel form, the extremities of which they only perceived ; the performers, whom they must have imagined to be suspended in the air ; the invisible harmony which they endeavoured to touch, and feel as it were, with their proboscis ; the silence of the spectators ; the motionless position of their feeder—every thing was at first an object of curiosity, of astonishment, and of uneasiness to them. They turned round the trap-door, directing their proboscis towards the opening, and raising themselves from time to time upon their hind legs ; they next went to their keeper, solicited his attention and kindness, and then returned still under more uneasiness ; they then examined the spectators with an enquiring eye, and seemed apprehensive that some snare was laid to entrap them. But these first emotions of uneasiness soon subsided, when they perceived that every thing around remained quiet and undisturbed. Then yielding, without any alarm or fear, to the sensation produced by the music, they seemed no longer to receive any impulsion but what came from the musical powers.

The change of situation was particularly remarkable at the end of the trio in *si minor*, from Iphigenia in Taurido, of Gluck, a music of a strong and savage character, which communicated to them all the agitation of its rhythm. From observing their gait, at one time precipitate, at another slow; from their movements, sometimes rapidly irregular, at others moderated and measured, one would have imagined that they followed the undulations of the music and time. They were often observed to bite the bars of their booths, or strike against them with their trunks, or press against them with the whole weight of their bodies, as if room was wanting for their gesticulations, and as if they were desirous to enlarge it. They from time to time emitted acute cries, or a kind of whirling noise; and upon asking their keeper Cornac, whether it was pleasure or anger they expressed—*They are not angry*, said he.

This passion they laboured under subsided, or rather changed its object, with the following air—*O, ma tendre Musete!* executed in *ut minor*, on a solo bass, without accompaniment. The simple and tender melody of that song, rendered still more plaintive by the melancholy tones of the bassoon, seemed to affect them with a kind of enchantment; they moved on a few steps, then stopped short to listen, and came under the orchestra, gently agitating their trunks, and breathing in, as it were, the amorous emanations of the instruments.

It is worthy of remark, that during the whole time that air was performing, they did not emit the least cry, nor betray any emotion unconnected with the inspiration of the music.—Their motions were slow, measured, and participated in some sense of the softness of the music.

But the magic and charm of the music did not operate alike on both.—While Hunz continued wrapped up in his usual prudence and circumspection, Marguerite, stung with passion and melting into fondness, solicited

her

her comfort with a variety of allurements, and frequently twitched his ear to awaken his attention.

To this dumb and tranquil scene suddenly succeeded a state of rage and tumult, excited by the gay and sprightly tones of the air *Ca-ira*, executed in *re* by the whole orchestra, the effect of which was wonderfully increased by the piercing sound of the fife.

From their transports, from their expressions of joy, sometimes grave, at other times acute, from their whistlings and their agitated steps, one would have imagined that this tune, which runs in a double time, stimulated and spurred them on, and compelled them to move in accord with its measures.—The female increased her solicitations, her endearments were less equivocal, her incentives more enticing and provoking; she often retired at a distance from the male, and then returned in a retrograde motion, giving him some kind kicks with her hind feet, informing him she was close by; but all poor Maguerite's pains were unavailing; happily for her, the invisible power which threw her feelings into agitation was also of a nature to quiet and appease them.

The instruments were silent, but she continued under the impulse they had inspired, when, like the refreshing showers, which temper the heat of summer, the gentle harmony of two human voices descended from the orchestra, as if from the skies, to calm their rage. In the midst of her warmest transports, she suddenly was moderated, by degrees her desires were suspended, and at last remained motionless with her trunk fixed upon the ground. The calm which she now displayed was inspired by an adagio of the opera of Dardanus, sung by two voices, with all its accompaniments.

These effects, marvelous as they appear, are nothing surprising, if we consider that the passions of animals, like the passions of men, derive from nature a rhythmic character, absolute and independent of all education and habit. In marking the movements which suit these passions, and joining to them the accents proper to them, music

music rouses and excites them. It changes or calms them at pleasure, by combining measure, order, and succession with these movements. To this we may add, that the passions of animals, recognizing no law but nature, are always simple, and consequently more easy to be moved, directed, and regulated, than those of men, which most commonly are compounded, and are more or less connected with each other.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN APOLOGY FOR SWEARING.

EVER since the introduction of the practice of profane swearing into this country, there has always been a number of persons who, either from religious scrupulosity, or critical fastidiousness, have objected to its propriety; but it will, I imagine, be found that such persons have not taken a liberal and extended view of the subject, and that their objections consist rather of unmeaning, and common place declamations, than of arguments founded on sound reason.

I am sensible that there are some philosophers of the old school, who do not draw their opinions from pretended revelation and fabulous records, and yet still affirm, that there is between moral good and evil a real and essential difference, and that they are separated by eternal and immutable barriers; but the height to which metaphysical disquisitions are carried in this speculative age, have enabled us to detect the fallacy of such a notion, however plausible it may appear; for as difference of colours does not arise from any inherent quality in material substances, but is produced, merely, by the various manners in which the rays of light strike the sight; so there is nothing that can constitute any action essentially good or evil, but our ideas of such actions as derive their source from the manner in which they affect our mental perceptions: to those, therefore, who disapprove of swearing as a species of turpitude, the answer

sver is easy ; what may appear to them as criminal, may, to minds differently constituted, seem not only innocent, but laudable. But there are others who object to the use of oaths merely as a verbal impropriety ; what, say they, can be more absurd, than to fill up our discourse with almost innumerable expletives, which can nowise assist us in conveying our thoughts, and for which the best excuse that can be made is, that they mean nothing ! It must be acknowledged, that those persons who have time and inclination to be continually plodding over books, or those grovelling beings whose attention is constantly engaged in mercantile pursuits, can contrive to fill up the few hours they devote to social enjoyment, in conversation, without being reduced to the necessities to which the fashionable world are liable. People of the *ton*, not having any thing of consequence to attend to, find those ideas which should support the spirit of conversation soon exhausted ; and it is to be feared, that if various artificial methods were not contrived to lengthen out their sentences, many fashionable parties would soon fail into utter silence. The use of oaths, therefore, is an ingenious method of correcting the inconveniences which arise from the want of something to talk about. To which may be added, that it is an elegant addition to the conversation stile. The ancient Spartans, who were totally destitute of a refined taste, were content to express as many thoughts in as few words as possible, without considering whether their expressions were harmoniously disposed, or whether their periods were rounded in an elegant manner ; but we justly despise such a barbarous taste, and, for the sake of those ornaments which they disregarded, adopt a rule quite contrary to theirs, and express a few thoughts in as many words as possible. But this is a fashion which might be productive of great inconveniences to our rakes and petit maitres ; who, as they seldom read any thing but the news-paper, and now and then a trial for crim. con. cannot be supposed to have burthened their memories with

with any more words than are necessary to answer the purpose of betting at a horse-race, toasting a demi-rep at a tavern, criticising on a new fashion in Bond-street, or encoring Madam Banti at the Opera-house : how useful then may a few oaths be made by these gentlemen, if they are properly introduced, and judiciously disposed, in enabling them to turn a period in an elegant manner, and render a sentence sonorous and musical, which would otherwise sound trite and abrupt.

And if it should be objected, that it is inconsistent with the rules of chaste composition, either in speaking or writing, to introduce a number of ornamental expletives, that cannot assist in elucidating our ideas, such an objection must arise from a taste not improved by modern refinements, and is totally contrary to the rules by which the public at present form their opinions on the works of genius ; what, for instance, would become of some of our most fashionable novels, if we were fastidiously to condemn all verbal ornaments which do not convey any idea ? deprived of these elegant superfluities, some of those productions, in the highest estimation, would be reduced from three or four volumes octavo, to a single duodecimo ; and their story told in plain language, would scarce prove more interesting or intricate than the journey of a city alderman. Another advantage of profane swearing is, that it enables the persons who practise it, to adorn their most common discourse with a variety of elegant epithets, and metaphorical expressions. I need not attempt to prove how very ornamental those poetical embellishments are ; but it requires a mind well stored with images, and an inventive fancy, to form them with facility ; now these are qualifications which few of our fashionable gentleman can be expected to possess ; but the use of those expressions, commonly included under the term of profane swearing, enable them to infuse a native richness into their ordinary language, without racking their imaginations for far-fetched and obscure comparisons.

Supposing

Supposing a gentleman has a mind to describe the beauties of an agreeable female, if his fancy is poetical, he may compare her to a goddess, or an angel, at least; but the conceptions of many lively beaux-esprits cannot soar so high, especially, as things celestial or divine never enter their thoughts; yet they are never at a loss to do justice to a lady's charms, by remarking that she is *devilish* pretty! Indeed there is a certain imaginary person to whom they are infinitely obliged, he being a succedaneum by which they are enabled to supply every defect, and fill up every chasm in their discourse; as his name affords an epithet which, with equal elegance and propriety, can be applied in every case, and to every object.

I might urge much more as a defence, or an apology, for a practice against which divines declaim, and moralists argue; but as I have already sufficiently exposed the futility of their captious objections, and have proved that it is a practice which cannot be laid aside without putting many an agreeable young gentleman in the army and navy, and in some other departments of life, to the greatest inconvenience, I shall conclude by subscribing myself,

BOB BLUSTER.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF
THE BRITISH HERO,
WILLIAM III. PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Proper to be read at this period of the year, when we commemorate his arrival at Torbay, Nov. 4th, 1688, for the deliverance of an oppressed nation.

[From *Belfham's History of Great Britain*, just published.]

ON Saturday, Feb. 21, 1702, WILLIAM rode as usual from Kensington to Hampton-court, and passing through the Park, his horse suddenly plunging, fell on very level ground, and the king's collar-bone was fractured.

fractured with the violence of the shock. He was immediately carried to Hampton-court, where the fracture was reduced by Ronjat, his first surgeon, and he thought himself in the evening well enough to be removed to Kensington. No dangerous symptoms appeared for some days, and his active and ardent mind was still employed on the great objects he had in view. On Wednesday, March 3, the King was seized with a shivering fit, which, as usual, was followed by a fever, and these fits returning with increasing violence every day, on the sixth his case was esteemed very dangerous. On the same day the Earl of Albemarle arrived from Holland, and being immediately admitted to the King's presence, gave such an account of the affairs on the Continent as must have afforded him the highest satisfaction, had he been capable of attending to any temporal concerns. But he received the intelligence without any visible emotion, and soon afterwards said in French:—" *I draw towards my end.*"

He was attended during the latter period of his illness by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Sarum (Burnet). His reason and all his senses were entire to the last minute. Early on Sunday morning he desired the sacrament, after which several of the Lords of the Council, and other nobles attending, were called in, to whom the King laboured to speak with cheerfulness. When Lord Auverquerque appeared, he raised his voice, and thanked him for his long and faithful services. He took an affectionate leave of the Duke of Ormond and others, and delivered to the Earl of Albemarle the keys of his escrutoire. Breathing with great difficulty, he asked his first physician, Dr. Bidloo, " How long this could last?" to which he answered, " Perhaps an hour!" But the King offering his pulse, said, " I do not die yet!" After a little interval he enquired for the Earl of Portland, but before he came his voice totally failed, though his lips were seen to move, and taking him by the hand, he carried it to his heart

heart with much tenderness. Throughout his illness no symptoms of weakness appeared which might fully the tenor of his former life. His firm and steady mind raised him far above the ignoble terrors of those "who vainly fear inevitable things." The conflict between life and death continued till morning, when the commendatory prayer was said for him, and as it ended, the King, who had been supported all night in his bed, expired in the arms of one of his pages, March 8, 1702, after a reign of thirteen years and one month, and in the fifty-second year of his age. On his left arm was found a ribband, to which was fastened a ring, enclosing a lock of the late Queen Mary's hair; a proof of the tender regard he entertained for her memory.

Thus lived and died William III. King of Great Britain, and Stadtholder of Holland, a monarch on whose great actions and illustrious character history delights to dwell. In his person he was not above the middle size, pale, thin, and valetudinary. He had a Roman nose, bright and eager eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. His words came from him with care and deliberation, and his manners, excepting to his intimate friends, were cold and reserved. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well, and he understood Latin, Spanish, and Italian. His memory was exact and tenacious, and he was a profound observer of men and things. He perfectly understood and possessed a most extensive influence over the political concerns and interests of Europe. Though far above vanity or flattery, he was pertinacious in his opinions, and from a clear perception or persuasion of their rectitude, was too impatient of censure or controul. He attained not to the praise of habitual generosity from his frequent and apparently capricious deviations into the extremes of profusion and parsimony. His love of secrecy was perhaps too nearly allied to dissimulation and suspicion, and his fidelity in

friendship to partiality and prejudice. Though resentful and irritable by nature, he harboured no malice, and disdained the meanness of revenge. He believed firmly in the truth of religion, and entertained an high sense of its importance. But his tolerant spirit, and his indifference to the forms of church government, made him very obnoxious to the great body of the clergy. He appeared born for the purpose of opposing tyranny, persecution, and oppression, and for the space of *thirty years* it is not too much to affirm, that he sustained the greatest and most truly glorious character of any prince whose name is recorded in history. In *his* days, and by *his* means, the first firm and solid foundations were laid of all that is most valuable in civil society. Every vindication of the natural and unalienable rights of mankind was, till he ascended the throne of Great Britain, penal and criminal. To him we owe the assertion and final establishment of our constitutional privileges. To him the intellectual world is indebted for the full freedom of discussion, and the unrestrained avowal of their sentiments upon subjects of the highest magnitude and importance. To sum up all, his character was distinguished by virtues rarely found amongst princes—moderation, integrity, simplicity, beneficence, magnanimity. Time, which has cast a veil over his imperfections, has added lustre to his many great and admirable qualities. His political views were, in the highest degree, laudable and upright. He had true ideas of the nature and ends of government, and the beneficial effects of his noble and heroic exertions will probably descend to the latest generations, rendering his name justly dear to the friends of civil and religious liberty, and his memory ever GLORIOUS and IMMORTAL.

GREAT STORM IN NOVEMBER, 1703.

A STORM, on the night of the 26th of November, rose to an height never before remembered in England. The City of London was shaken as by an earth-

earthquake ; the noise and violence of the hurricane, accompanied by torrents of rain, were dreadfully terrific, and the darkness was changed into artificial day by the incessant glare of lightning. The roofs of very many churches, and other public buildings, were uncovered, the wind rolling up the sheets of lead, as scrolls of parchment ! A great number of houses were blown down. Dr. Kidder, bishop of Bath and Wells, with others of the family, were killed by the fall of the episcopal palace, and the damage sustained in all parts of the kingdom was incalculable. Rear Admiral Beaumont, who commanded a squadron then lying in the Downs, was lost on the Goodwin Sands, in the Mary, of 64 guns, with several other line of battle ships, and 1500 seamen were computed to have perished. The admired and beautiful structure of the Eddystone lighthouse, built by the famous Wynstanley, was demolished ; the architect himself being of the number of persons enclosed in it. Having been frequently told that the edifice was too slight to withstand the fury of the winds and waves, he was accustomed to reply, contemptuously, that he only wished to be in it when a storm should happen. Unfortunately his desire was gratified. Signals of distress were made, but in so tremendous a sea no vessel could live, or would venture to put off to their relief.

ON THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

THE love of truth appears to be a disposition natural to the human heart. No one can be willing to be deceived, unless either avarice, sensuality, or prejudice have perverted his understanding, and rendered him unwilling to receive certain truths, which one or other of these causes may have made disagreeable.

It cannot possibly be doubted, but that truth must, on the whole, be more beneficial than falsehood. It

fore concerns every one, as he values his own permanent happiness, to guard against all impediments to the reception of truth, and to keep the love of it ever predominant in his mind.

Too eager a pursuit after wealth must, in this respect, have a pernicious influence on the mind. It cannot but render it averse to such truths as may not be perfectly compatible with its present interest. It must cause a reluctance to acknowledge the obligation of those duties which may in some degree obstruct the acquisition of this favourite article.

Nearly in the same manner is sensuality prejudicial to the love and reception of truth. It would be a difficult task to persuade its votaries that they exceed the bounds which reason prescribes : that a more restrained indulgence would better enable them to be useful to others, and in the end would be most advantageous to themselves.

Besides, a love of sensual pleasures has a natural tendency to indispose the mind for the relish of those pleasures which are purely intellectual ; which result from the acquisition of knowledge and the discovery of truth. Minds which are taken up with this sordid pursuit, are too mean and grovelling to have any relish of sublimer satisfactions. They are more nearly allied to brutes than to rational beings.

That prejudice is extremely unfavourable to the reception of truth, cannot be doubted. Whoever is prejudiced in favour of some opinions, and against others, cannot possibly be capable of investigating the grounds of them with impartiality. On one side, the force of good arguments will not be admitted; on the other very weak ones will be thought sufficiently conclusive.

The strength of prejudice appears in nothing greater than it does with regard to the doctrines of religion. When persons have been educated in the belief of particular doctrines, and taught to consider them as essential, however ill-grounded they may be, how zealously

are

are they maintained ! If any passages of scripture on a cursory perusal, without considering the connection in which they stand, or the design of their being written, appear to countenance the favourite system, how obstinately is it insisted that the sense which thus occurs, must be that which the writers intended to convey : and those who would interpret them differently, are not unfrequently, on that account, excluded from the mercy of God !

However strong the prejudices of any one may be, he supposes himself in possession of the truth. The arguments in favour of his own opinions appear so convincing to him, that he thinks it only owing to incapacity, or peevishness, that they are not equally so to others. This, I think, is a proof that all are agreed in acknowledging the importance of truth, though they differ so widely about the truth of opinions.

Whoever finds himself strongly attached to any set of opinions, should reflect how many there are (and some of them at least equally qualified with himself to form an accurate judgment) who have considered the same subject in a very different light. This might serve to dispel the mist of prejudice, and enable him to consider the arguments on the opposite side with candour and impartiality.

The variety of opinions which prevail in the world, and even amongst the most learned and considerate, are a striking proof that no knowledge, ability, or caution in determining, is an absolute security against error. How then ought they to suspect the truth of their own opinions, who adhere to those in which they have been educated, perhaps without ever giving themselves the trouble to consider what may be urged against them ? It is possible that others may be wrong ; it is very improbable that *they* should be right ; if they be, it must be owing to their good fortune, and not to their enquiries after truth.

But perhaps it will be said, that this way of thinking
Z. 3 has

has a tendency towards scepticism, even with regard to the truth of christianity itself. To this I would only answer, that the matters of fact on which our belief in christianity is founded, are attended with such evidence as no other matters of fact ever were, and consequently it would be more reasonable to disbelieve all other ancient histories than the accounts which are transmitted to us of the life and death of the great founder of our religion. Nor is it easy to conceive how any well-disposed and considerate person can avoid giving his assent to them, provided the evidence be duly laid before him. And though there are many who do not believe in this religion, their unbelief may be accounted for without admitting any defect in its evidences; and this I think is sufficiently done in Dr. Priestley's "Observations on the Increase of Infidelity," and Mr. Evans's "Attempt to Account for the Infidelity of Edward Gibbon, Esq."

But to return: As the importance of truth appears to be so universally acknowledged, whatever may be the subject of enquiry, I should hope it is needless to use any arguments to persuade people to keep their minds in the best disposition they can for the reception of it, and to be industrious in their search after it. If we exert our best endeavours, we shall at least have the satisfaction of reflecting, that whatever mistakes we may possibly labour under, they are not the effects of our own obstinacy, or of our own negligence.

Kent, Sept. 1798.

R. A.

ON DISSIPATION.

" And every year fees them reduced (by their costly sacrifices
" to pleasure and vanity) to want and wretchedness."

MANKIND are hurried into the haunts of dissipation from very different motives, some are impelled forward by a natural viciousness of taste, which leaves

leaves them no relish for pleasures of a different complexion; others, owing to the debility of their mental powers, are incapable of participating in the dignified happiness of rational enjoyment. A third order is actuated by the vain, the frivolous desire to distinguish itself from its compeers, and to rival those who move along in superior ranks. A fourth, from irritability of nerves; or, if you will, from the sensibility which they have learnt in the schools of fiction and affectation, feel themselves incapable of probing the little ruggednesses which occasionally interrupt their progress, hurry into the bustle to drown reflection, till they stumble on the precipice to which their infatuation tends. The former of these classes are incorrigible, to reason with them would be (to use a French idiom) but to beat the winds and waste our words. Remonstrance may operate upon the latter. It may apprise them of the gulph which yawns beneath their feet, and open their eyes upon destruction, ere it closes around them.

The affectation of distinction, the pride of superiority, the vain wish to be gazed at, form the foundation on which the fond hope of the latter is erected; but let me ask thesee high-soaring sons of ambition—Who acts the most dignified part, the man whose pursuits secure him from distress and misery, or the man who prostitutes his time, his talents, to purposes which poison his own peace, and render him the scourge of his creditors; the man who glides a long contented with the sphere of life which Heaven assigned him, condescends to think on trifles, and ensures a sum total in the issue which will throw the beams of sunshine on his closing day; or he who madly apes the manners of the affluent, rivals those in expenditure whose fortunes outstrip his own, and dissipates the means which industrious ancestry has hoarded for him and his descendants? We are told that pleasure is the idol to which the opportunities of the dissipated and the dignified independence which is placed within every man's reach are sacrificed. Give me leave to ask again, What

What are the unutterable pleasures which this deviation from the path of common sense proposes? Pursue the dazzled devotee through all his haunts, and it will ever be found that dissipation chastises rather than gratifies us, and even defeats itself; that it decidedly yields the palm of real intrinsic satisfaction to the less splendid, to the despised occupations of prudence and industry; nay more, that it inevitably plunges us into distresses, compared with which the brazen bull was a bed of down. In the affectation of rising superior to the drudgery of life, we arrange ourselves at the city feast—kick up a drift at the theatre—frequent the gaming-table—fling off in the park—abroad, we repair with the throng to the resorts of fashion—stroll from day to day through the rooms at Bath—drink the waters at the Wells—bet at Newmarket, and acquire the reputation of d—d dashing fellows; but when we have hunted fashion through all its circle of folly, and return at length, what is the amount of our acquisition? A purse drained of its last shilling!—revenues anticipated!—eager and impatient creditors at our doors! and misery, like vultures, at our hearts! Are these, ye children of folly—ye children of extravagance, are these to be esteemed compensations for the tranquil enjoyments of dear domestic peace, temperance, and frugality? Is this melancholy issue to be poised in the balance against the calm smile of serenity which decks the brow of independence; the self-approving aspect of the man whose industry has preserved his title-deeds from the grasp of usury; who defies the world to challenge a right to the patrimony of his fathers? We have caught the gaze of fools indeed, and stood in the foremost rank among the gay profligates of the day; but that we have outstripped the humble plodding man of business in real happiness, it would be madness to admit.

But this thirst of admiration not only proceeds towards ruin by the process of our own private extravagance, the source of this propensity lies, as we have above

above remarked, in the silly vanity which affects to be gazed at and admired. It cannot possibly be ascribed to any other cause, for real intrinsic merit rather shuns than courts the notice of the world ; and of all the expensive habits to which the mind is disposed, there is not perhaps another so completely fertile in embarrassment ; let the heart be resigned to its guidance, and we shall become the devoted dupes of artifice, the paymasters not of our own follies only, but of the follies of that swarm of sycophants which buzz around such self-devoted prey ; for the empty homage of adulation we repay in sterling cash, and hurry forward upon destruction with a velocity accelerated in proportion to our weakness and fondness for distinction ; before our tale is half told our means are gone, our credit is blasted, and naught remains but poverty, neglect, and misery. This effect of our favourite propensity is indisputable ; but this is not all, there is a sting which pierces its voluntary even in the moment of enjoyment, which waits not for the approaches of accumulated debt to add its agony to the overwhelming crush. When the heart is generous, there is a secret feeling which accompanies intrusion into the circles of elevated life, from the pangs of which even the paroxysm of dissipation cannot screen it. We cannot be so completely intoxicated by the gaze of the multitude as to forget, that however much we may affect the manners of our superiors, they are our superiors still ; we feel our own inferiority, and recollect with anguish unutterable, that while their fortunes are adequate to their expenditure, ours are sinking like the thawing snows before the sun ; that while they shall be carelessly pursuing their round of amusement, we must be compelled to fly the dear, dear scenes, and be incarcerated in our own, or in the prisons of the public. It is impossible to assume the appearance, to give that scope to our partialities which our finances will not justify, without feeling that which more than compensates for the pleasures on which we reckon ; connected by the bonds

bonds of tenderness or blood, nothing can so completely harrow up the bosom of a husband or a father as the idea that those, who look up to him for support and protection, shall, ere long, be turned adrift on the world's wide stage, compelled to hold up the trembling hand, and solicit the ungrateful boon of charity; that his own extravagance shall be cast in their teeth; that those who are dearer to him than life shall, perhaps, become the pity, the scorn, the ridicule of wretches who once basked in the beams of his own prodigality. And even where none of these claims to our forbearance prefer their heart-rending pleas, who can bear the recollection that acre is following acre, and that killing moment is approaching, when the mansion in which our fathers dwelled, the fire-side where our smiling infancy played around their knees, the fields on which we gayly sported, must pass away to liquidate the debts which folly and extravagance have incurred. Imagination knows of nothing in the present life so excruciating. The inquisition has no torture half so intolerable. We say nothing of the envy, with its envenomed corroding tooth, which the galling comparison betwixt our own and the fortunes of others excites, nor of the pricks of conscience inflicted by the recollection, that we are wantonly sacrificing to folly the wages which the hard hand of industry hath dearly earned, and perhaps rioting in the inheritance of the fatherless and the widow. Circumstances these, which, separated from all other considerations are fully sufficient to stamp the pursuit of dissipation with guilt, with folly, with madness!

Good God! how astonishing then is the infatuation which, in the full view of these rocks and dangers thwarting its course, will yet pursue it? "Surely," says Solomon, "in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird; alas! the birds of the air are wiser than the children of dissipation;" and remonstrances like these will be esteemed but the croakings of monastic austerity, the *cold water* which sanctimonious affectation casts upon the pleasures of life.

Well,

Well, then, in the words of the Jewish legislator, "Chuse ye whom ye will serve." Follow the meteor which dazzles you through all its deceitful meanders; but give *me* the bliss of a complacent, self-approving mind; give me his emotions who looks around him, and with conscious dignity exclaims:—These fields, these trees, these flocks, these herds are mine; they are the heritage which my fathers bequeathed me; they are the last legacy of dying friends, whose memory I cherish in my bosom; and were I, like the base Judean, to spurn the pearl away, and see the consequence conferring independence, which they have handed down to me parcelled out to jockies, vintners, taylors, and reptiles of a similar description, it would wring my heart with unutterable anguish, and drive the softness of my soul to frenzy and desperation.

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti

"Tempus abire tibi est," &c.

THE HORSE.

BEING A TRANSLATION OF COLLECTED EXTRACTS
FROM THE FRENCH OF BUFFON.

BY A VERY YOUNG LADY.

THE noblest conquest man ever attained, is that of this proud and spirited animal, who shares with him the toils of war, and the glory of battle. As intrepid as his master, the horse sees the danger and braves it; he becomes familiar with the din of arms, he delights in it, he longs for it, and is fired with the same ardour with his rider; he also participates with him the pleasures of the chace, the tournament, and the race; his eyes sparkle, are on fire; but docile as well as brave, he does not suffer his spirit to get the better of him, he can repress his emotions: he not only submits to the hand of his director, but seems to consult his wishes; and ever yielding to the impulse he receives, springs forward,

forward, goes slower, stops, and is all at his disposal. He is a creature that gives himself up entirely to the will of another, can even anticipate it ; that by the readiness and exactness of his motions, expresses and executes it ; that feels as much as we wish, and performs no more than we desire ; that surrendering himself without reserve, declines nothing, labours with all his strength, goes beyond it ; and even sacrifices his life by an effort to be more obedient.

Such is the HORSE, whose natural qualities have been improved by art, that from his earliest age has been trained for the use of man ; rather such is the HORSE reduced to servitude. Nature surpasses art, and, in a living creature, liberty of motion constitutes beautiful nature. View the horses whose breed has so increased in the provinces of Spanish America, and which exist in a state of freedom ; their gait, their pace, their prancings, are neither constrained, nor regulated ; proud of their independance, they shun the presence of man, they disdain his cares, search themselves for the food that suits them, and find it ! They ramble, they frisk at liberty in extensive pastures, where they crop the fresh productions of a perpetual spring.

The temper of these animals is not ferocious, they are only high-spirited and wild ; though superior in strength to most animals, they never attack them, and when attacked by others, they spurn, repulse, or trample them to death : they also go in troops, and assemble merely for the pleasure of society, for they have no fear ; but they form mutual attachments, are of gentle manners, and social dispositions : their strength and fiery spirit, are seldom displayed but in marks of emulation ; they strive to be foremost in the race, to be indifferent to, and even emboldened by danger in adventuring to traverse a river, or spring over a ditch ; and those which in natural exercises of this kind are most distinguished, and spontaneously take the lead, are the

most

most spirited, the best, and often the most docile and tractable, when they are once broken.

The HORSE is of all animals, that which unites to grandeur of size, the greatest symmetry and elegance of proportions! the regular conformation of his head gives him an air of lightness which is well supported by the beauty of his chest. He seems ambitious of placing himself above his rank of quadrupeds, by raising up his head : in this noble attitude, he looks man in the face ; his eyes are piercing and large, his ears are well formed and of due size ; his mane is a good appendage to his head, adorns his neck, and gives him an air of strength and stateliness ; his long and bushy tail covers and terminates well the extremity of his body.

Kensington.

E.

THE SCHOOL FOR PARENTS.

A TALE. BY A. K.

AUTHOR OF "DERWENT PRIORY," AND OF "THE CASTLE ON THE ROCK."

[Continued from page 160.]

" Let this great truth by all be understood :
" That all the pious duties which we owe
" Our parents, friends, our country, and our God,
" The seeds of every virtue here below
" From education first, and early culture flow."

" **T**HIE hand appears strained," said Mr. Selby ; " something should be applied to it." " Let him go to the housekeeper's room," cried Lady Ormsby— " little troublesome creature ! he has deranged me for the whole day, and take your ugly monster with you—only see how he has soiled the carpet ?" Poor George did not wait for a second bidding, but departed, accompanied by his faithful favourite, the dog, who evinced his gratitude by frisking and gamboling around

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around

around him. Lady Ormsby soon after retired, taking with her the future supporter of the family honours ; the Baronet and Mr. Selby fell into an easy strain of conversation, by which the latter discovered the true state of the family of which he was become an inmate ; but being possessed of great pliability of spirits, he endeavoured to accommodate himself to the dispositions of the parties with whom he was engaged. He had, however, frequent opportunities of observing that it was no easy matter to live on tolerable terms with a family so divided as that of the Baronet's. Little James always repeated his lessons in the presence of his mamma, for fear he should be constrained to study more than was agreeable to his own inclination ; this increased his habitual indolence, and at last the most trifling tasks became wearisome and disgusting. Mr. Selby sighed with regret when he contemplated the future misery which mistaken tenderness was treasuring up for this unfortunate favourite ; he beheld a mind which a little emulation might have rendered vigorous, sinking without a struggle into the lap of indolence.

During the winter season, great part of Mr. Selby's time was claimed by the Baronet ; but the approach of Spring, to his great joy, released him from that dreary turmoil of mental slavery. Mr. Selby was an early riser, and frequently urged upon his pupils the necessity of improving their minds by morning studies ; "I do not wish you," he would say, "to pore over hidden problems, or weighty definitions." "What then are we to study?" asked the inquisitive mind of George, "Nature," replied Mr. Selby, "in her ever varying—ever pleasing forms, let us inhale the clear breath of morning, while the sun tinges the eastern horizon with the lustre of its beams ; and let us then with reverence contemplate the perfections of that great and wonderful Being, whose ineffable goodness diffuses life and light throughout the great mass of creation!" James thought such pursuits not at all necessary to form the character

of

of a gentleman ; for, to the best of his recollection, and his memory was very good, amidst all the lessons which he had received from his mamma, on the subject of good breeding, the word *Nature* had never once occurred. Nor can we in justice say, that George fully understood the meaning of his tutor's expression ; but from the manner in which Mr. Selby delivered himself, he concluded that there was some hidden charm which made it worth pursuing. He therefore declared himself willing to devote his time to what Mr. Selby should think most conducive to his advantage ; who gladly availed himself of so desirable a disposition, and forwarded his improvements by every possible attention.

The lads occupied an apartment that joined their tutor's. George would gladly arise at the first summons, and devote his mornings to improvement ; while James, prodigal of time, would continue in bed till the bell summoned him to the breakfast parlour ; after which repast he would reluctantly drag through his exercises, then loll on a sopha, till the entrance of his dancing-master roused him into action. If he rode out, and there appeared the least probability of a shower, the carriage always followed, that he might not be exposed to the inclemency of the weather ; while George, regardless of such trifles, would mount a little poney, which had been presented to him by his father, and ride for miles, with no other attendant than his faithful Ratler. Thus he cheerfully spent his time between exercise and study, improving his health and invigorating his understanding ; while James was foolishly suffered to trifle away the precious moments of youth in frivolous pursuits, or pernicious indulgences. His pertness was termed wit, and his insolence extolled as spirit ; he was introduced early into company, who, to please his fond mother, publicly flattered his vanity, while they privately ridiculed the folly that gave it birth. It was, however, universally allowed that he pointed a repartee with great dexterity, presented a fan with grace,

and displayed a white hand to advantage, while he affected to be using a Goto toothpick ; he acquired in the mean time a superficial politeness, a kind of sickly good nature, which, though it restrained him in most cases from offering violence to the inclinations or opinions of others, seldom led him far enough to sacrifice either his own caprices or desires to the wishes of his friends. Between the brothers there did not subsist that harmony which might have been expected between such near relatives ; James assumed an authority over his brother, to which the generous, but impetuous, disposition of George could but ill submit. Altercations would follow, and the hasty decisions of Lady Ormsby frequently widened the breach that a little maternal softness might easily have closed.

As they approached the verge of manhood, their dispositions began more fully to unfold themselves. James could deliberately insult an inferior, break down the mounds of good breeding, or rudely penetrate into the sober haunts of rural industry. Indulgence smiled upon his follies, while mistaken kindness nursed them into vices ; in short, he grew up, haughty, avaricious, and revengeful. In his person he was pleasing, in his address insinuating, and his conversation was mostly light, trifling, and amusing. Nature had given George a heart feelingly alive to the distresses of his fellow creatures ; it had not been perverted by indulgence, nor injured by flattery ; ardent in the cause of oppressed humanity, and careless of money, only as it enabled him to lessen the afflictions of others. He was in his person something below the middle size, but admirably proportioned, and his animated and healthy countenance was the index to an honest heart ; he had made a rapid progress in his education, and continued indefatigable in his studies long after his brother had ceased to receive the instructions of Mr. Selby. At length, that gentleman, by the demise of a distant relation, succeeded to a small estate, to which he retired in order to take possession.

sion. George, and the Baronet, though they rejoiced at his good fortune, were yet grieved at the loss of his society; to George, however, his absence was, in some measure, supplied by a regular correspondence, the repetition of which gladdened the heart of his father. In the meantime, Lady Ormsby was busied in forming plans for the future establishment of her eldest son; a wealthy marriage was the first point determined on; but then, for the honour of the family, it must be noble as well as wealthy; there would be no difficulty in accomplishing all this, provided she could but gain the promise of the dormant peerage, in which were centered all her hopes of future happiness. To attain this long desired good, presents were made, and petitions presented; at length, after near two years attendance, during which time Sir James's fortune had suffered severe dilapidations, the long-expected patent was presented, and Lady Ormsby had the supreme felicity of congratulating her son on his succeeding to the honours of her family.

Much about this time, Lady Rodolpho M'Donald shone a bright luminary in the fashionable world, her fortune was great, her family ancient, and her person extremely lively. Amidst a numerous train of admirers, she frankly confessed that the Earl of Dewberry stood unrivalled in her heart; as she was an orphan, and under age, her prudent guardian warmly remonstrated with her, on the impropriety of her bestowing her immense possessions on a needy man of quality, who had no other recommendation to her favour than what proceeded from a handsome person, and an insinuating address. Lady Rhodolpho laughed at his advice, defied his authority, and finally flew (as she termed it) with her beloved Dewberry, "on the wings of love to the land of Hymen."

(To be concluded in our next.)

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR HAUDON.

HAUDON (says a French writer) has finished a statue of General Washington, in marble, for the Commonwealth of Virginia. At the time of my visit to Paris it had already been sent forward to the place of its destination, Richmond, where it is to be erected. To execute that likeness the artist had repaired to Philadelphia, and lived six months in the Washington family. I have seen the model of that statue in Haudon's work-shop.—The character and attitude of the founder and defender of American liberty—of the representative of a happy and peaceful nation—of the protector of agriculture, that abundant source of national wealth, are happily imagined, and as happily executed in this performance. It was particularly this last-mentioned character, the agriculturist, that Haudon had in view. The simple costume of the figure, expressly chosen with that view, has been much criticised in America, where taste is yet in its infancy. The Americans wished to contemplate a Roman hero, decorated with all the attributes of a conqueror; whereas Haudon, on the contrary, aimed to represent the protector of the arts, of peace, and of liberty. It was the interposition of Washington himself which decided in the general assembly the execution of the artist's idea.

The figure is arrayed in the simple and noble dress of a man in rural life, a light plaited vest, half buttoned, sandals on his feet, with a cloak fastened on his breast, and flowing over his shoulders and back, suited to protect an agriculturist from the inclemency of the weather. One hand is supported by a staff; the other rests on the republican fasces, crowned with the cap of liberty. At his feet is a plough.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

NOV. 10. THE much admired Comedy of the *Rivals* was performed this evening, in which a very young candidate made her first attempt in the character of *Lydia Languish*. Her talents were, in many respects, above her years; for we understand that she had scarcely reached fifteen. In the traits which she displayed, were discoverable the dawning of future excellence.

14. A new musical drama, called the *Captive of Spilburg*, was exhibited for the first time, and on the whole, was very well received. It is a translation by Mr. HOARE, from the French opera, called *Camille ou Le Souterain*. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Korawitz, a Bohemian Nobleman . . .	<i>Mr. Barrymore</i>
Canzemar, his nephew . . .	<i>Mr. Kelly</i>
Kourahin in the service of Korawitz	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
Mirhoff, servant to Canzemar . .	<i>Mr. Suett</i>
Liebstoff, servant to Korawitz . .	<i>Mr. Caulfield</i>
Iwan, son to Korawitz . . .	<i>Miss Benson</i>
Eugenia, wife to Korawitz . . .	<i>Mrs. Crouch</i>
Moola, a peasant of Spilburg . .	<i>Mrs. Bland.</i>

The leading trait in this drama is, the exhibition of an amiable man, rendered frantic by jealousy, and urged by an exquisite sensibility to commit an act of cruel and deliberate tyranny on the object of his dearest affections.

The scene of this piece is laid in *Bohemia*. Eugenia secretly espoused by the *Baron Korawitz*, had on a journey been attacked by banditti, and rescued by *Canzemar*, nephew to *Korawitz*, who, ignorant of her being

being his uncle's wife, falls in love with her, and forcibly conveys her to his own home. Having vainly endeavoured to overpower her virtue, or to know her name and rank, he at length sets her at liberty, on condition of her swearing never to reveal the name of the person who had thus offended her. On her return the jealous Korawitz confines her in a dungeon in his solitary *Castle of Spilburg*. Here he visits her, and attempts, by means of her affection for her infant son, to wrest the secret from her.

During his absence from court, he is accused of the death of *Eugenia* and her child, and is arrested. *Eugenia* now left with her child to the danger of instant destruction, is by singular incidents preserved, and restored to her husband by *Canzemar*. Her innocence is vindicated by his confessions, and Korawitz is finally reconciled to her. An under plot is interwoven in the piece of the intended wedding of *Kourabin* with *Moola*, both servants in the castle.

In this plot there is rather too much perplexity for an entertainment. We felt this at its exhibition, nor were we singular in our impressions.

The music with which it was accompanied is entirely new, and by the celebrated Mr. DUSSEK. It has many fine parts which could not fail to please by their exquisite melody.

The scenes were highly picturesque, and the forest, together with the castle and Souverain, truly beautiful. Notwithstanding a few improbabilities which attach to some of its incidents, the story properly understood preserves a lively interest, from the opening scene to the denouement.

BARRYMORE, though entitled to much praise, was oftentimes too violent, and in him we recognised more than once the imitator of Kemble, who in the Stranger on the same evening played his part with admirable ability.

Mrs. Bland sung the ballad of the Willow with such delightful

delightful propriety, that it was loudly encored. This song we are inclined to think will become a favourite in the more private circles of society.

17. Mr. CORRY appeared for the first time at this theatre, in the character of *Reginald* in the *Castle Spectre*.

This gentleman's person is tall, and well proportioned, his voice powerful, and possessing much flexibility. His acting had too much the appearance of violence for *Reginald*, who had been languishing *sixteen* years amid the horrors of a dungeon. The moment at which he is brought forward in the scene he is likely to perish for want of food. His complaints therefore should have been uttered with feebleness, though expressive of the great distress by which his mind must have been agitated. We must however confess, and we do it gladly, that Mr. CORRY delivered many passages in a most affecting manner; and with the discovery of his daughter so much pathos was intermingled, that it communicated itself to the bosoms, and excited the sympathy of the audience. He was cheered throughout the performance with loud and reiterated plaudits.

On the same evening Miss BRIGGS, in the interesting part of *Angela*, acquitted herself with considerable ability. She displayed for so young a performer, talents and judgment beyond our expectation.

COVENT GARDEN.

OCT. *The Mouth of the Nile*, which was brought forward towards the close of this month, is a popular piece, ingeniously adapted to the memorable defeat of the French off *the Mouth of the Nile* by Admiral Nelson. It possesses a considerable degree of popularity.

NOV. 1. Mrs. Chapman, from the Dublin theatre, made her *debut* here in the character of *Moggy M'Gillpin*, in O'Keefe's eccentric entertainment of the *Highland*

land Reel. She played the part with ease and spirit, and was favourably received.

12. A new comic opera, entitled *Ramah Droog*, or *Wine does Wonders*, was performed to a crowded audience.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUROPEANS.

Sidney	<i>Mr. Incledon</i>
Liffey	<i>Mr. Johnstone</i>
First prisoner	<i>Mr. Clermont</i>
Second prisoner	<i>Mr. Grey</i>
Third prisoner	<i>Mr. Wilde</i>
Eliza	<i>Miss Mitchell</i>
Margaret	<i>Mrs. Mills</i>

INDIANS.

The Rajah	<i>Mr. Emery</i>
Zemaun	<i>Mr. H. Johnston</i>
Chillingae	<i>Mr. Munden</i>
Holkar	<i>Mr. Townsend</i>
Govinda	<i>Mr. Hill</i>
Indian Officer	<i>Mr. Linton</i>
Guard	<i>Mr. Abbott</i>
Attendant	<i>Mr. Klanert</i>
Alminah	<i>Miss Chapman</i>
Zelma	<i>Miss Waters</i>
Agra	<i>Miss Sims</i>
Orsana	<i>Miss Gray</i>
Females in the Zanana	{ <i>Miss Wheatly, and Miss Walcup.</i>

THE PLOT.

Troops are sent from a British settlement in India against an usurper, who has destroyed the rightful Rajah, or prince of the country in which stands the fortress of *Ramah Droog*.

The troops are dispatched in two detachments, by different routes; one detachment is surprised and surrounded

rounded by the Indians in a narrow pass, and after a noble defence, are obliged to surrender. *Sidney* their commander, seeing all is lost, entrusts to the care of Serjeant *Liffey*, his wife *Eliza*, who has accompanied him in the disguise of an Indian servant: they escape from the battle, and conceal themselves in a neighbouring wood, till want of food obliges them to yield themselves prisoners to some tiger hunters, who carry them to *Ramah Droog*. *Liffey*, afraid of being known for a soldier, passes for an European physician, and *Eliza* for his servant. Arrived at *Ramah Droog*, he is immediately employed to prescribe for the *Rajah*, who is taken suddenly ill. Not knowing what to prescribe, he resolves to let the sick man take his chance, and gives him as a harmless medicine, the only remains of his provisions, being a *potatoe* found in his knapsack. The *Rajah* immediately recovers, it being discovered that his illness had arisen from being intoxicated with *claret*, found among the stores of the British prisoners. Charmed with the supposed skill of this European physician, the *Rajah* appoints him to fill the highest offices of the state.

The *Princess Alminah*, daughter of the *Rajah*, conceives a passion for *Sidney*, and offers him his liberty, and to accompany him in his flight. On his rejecting her offer, and *Alminah* discovering by a blunder of *Liffey's* (who is an Irishman) that *Eliza* is *Sidney's* wife, she vows his destruction.

Zelma, the daughter of the late *Rajah*, has been saved from the general massacre of her family, by the prince *Zemaun*, a native of a distant part of Hindostan, who guards her in her concealment.

Margaret, the wife of *Liffey*, who also accompanied the first detachment, dressed as a soldier, is released from her captivity by *Zemaun*, and sent by him to meet the second British detachment, who are in the neighbourhood. She meets the detachment, and on her return sees *Chillingoe*, the chief prison-keeper, whom she obliges,

obliges, with a pistol at his breast, to conduct her into the fort. This gives her an opportunity of releasing *Eliza* and *Zemaun*, who with *Liffey*, make their escape from the fortress, carrying the *Rajah* with them. They join the British detachment, who scale the rock, and surprise the fort by night, and after some resistance carry the place. The captives are released, the usurper deposed, and *ZELMA* (the rightful princess) is raised to the throne, and united with the PRINCE ZEMAUN.

Such is the plot of this new opera, and great justice was done to it in the representation by all the actors, who seem to have exerted their utmost talents on the occasion. The dresses and scenery were in the most superb style, suited to the grandeur of eastern magnificence. The whole produced a very pleasing effect on the minds of the spectators. Its length indeed, and a few incidental parts, were exceptionable, but have been since altered. A little less pomp and parade would have given it a more chaste air, and imparted a more permanent efficacy.

The singing of Incledon, and the humorous turn of Johnstone, particularly pleased us. Nor were the parts of Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Mills, Miss Chapman, Miss Sims, and Miss Walcup, performed without considerable impression. We are of opinion, that this opera will long be a favourite with the public, who must be gratified with the splendor of its exhibitions.

P. S. *The Beauties of Mrs. WOOLSTONECRAFT are deferred till the next Number, when the Extracts from her Writings shall be concluded.*

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1798.

NOVEMBER,

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

ADDRESSED BY A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE, ON HER BIRTH-DAY, THE 17TH OF THAT MONTH.

" **G**LOOMY month ascend thy car,
" And, rapid from the polar star
" With blustering winds, and showers of fleet and hail,
" Whirl around our naked coast,
" And, on the foaming billows toss,
" Shew us the floating helm and shatter'd sail !

" Thro' the woods bid Eurus roar,
" And showers of leaves around us pour,
" And comfortless and cold our path deform ;
" With battering gusts our faces chill,
" Our drooping minds with horror fill,
" And raise both out and in, an equal storm !"

Complaining thus, alone I stood,
And with my eye a cloud purf'd,
As round the sky the dark grey mountain roll'd ;
Towards me, at length, it mov'd along,
Settled the airy hills among,
And bursting, blaz'd with pure celestial gold.

The heavenly archer * stood confest,
In human form ; and o'er his breast,

* *Sagittarius*, the astronomical sign of the month.

Spangled with stars, a dark-grey tunic hung;
Above his neck, in glittering rows,
His arrows tipp'd with ice arose,
And in his hand appear'd the bow unstrung.

Almost he frown'd, but soon his face
Assum'd a more benignant grace,
And thus with nervous accent he began :
“ Thy rude address, complaining mortal ! cease,
“ Thee it becomes, with bosom hush'd to peace,
“ And modest tongue, the ways of heaven to scan.

“ Ill it befits the insect of a day,
“ With life precarious as the dancing ray,
“ Which plays by night upon the gliding stream,
“ The laws of nature and of God to blame.

“ Ill it befits this creature, pert, and vain,
“ This son of vision, to assume a strain
“ Of bold complaint, where he so little knows !
“ Refrain, at least, till yonder form appears,
“ For rest assur'd, that in succeeding years,
“ No more thy verse against November flows.”

The archer said, and from a silv'ry cloud,
Led forth a form in beauty's fairest dress,
Adown her graceful limbs with drap'ry flow'd,
And love and wit her sparkling eyes express.

Forward to me her lovely hand she spread,
In act to speak her rosy lips unclose ;
“ 'Tis my Eliza ! 'tis my wife ! ” I said,
“ No more my verse against November flows.

“ Best month of all the circling year,
“ Thy blustering winds, serene, I hear,
“ While blest at home with her I stay ;
“ November ! strike the sounding lyre !
“ November ! bid the notes aspire !
“ November boasts Eliza's natal day.
“ Long may you meet with cloudless eye
“ This morning, as it circles round ;
“ Your Edwin wishes you each joy
“ That can on earth be found.

- " Long may it be his happy lot
 " To chase away your fears,
 " And taste the pleasures of that cot
 " Which your dear presence cheers.
 " Content with this, he asks no more ;
 " He likes his little portion well,
 " A little is an ample store,
 " Where love and satisfaction dwell.

Sidbury Vale.

B.

PALEMON AND PASTORA.

WHERE stays my Pastora ? young Palemon cry'd,
 Why does not my charmer appear ?
 No longer, alas ! by my flock can I bide,
 Since I see not the face of my dear.

The hour she appointed to meet me is past,
 No longer expecting I'll stay ;
 But now to the queen of my bosom I'll haste,
 To know why she's absent to-day.

Wilt thou, good Endymion, my young lambkins tend,
 While I to my charmer repair ?—
 I will, the youth answer'd :—go then, my dear friend,
 And chase from your bosom each care.

Young Palemon thank'd him, then breath'd a farewell,
 And swift o'er the common he hied ;
 And soon he arriv'd at a neat little cell,
 Where she dwelt by the rivulet's side.

But judge his astonishment ; ye who have lov'd,
 Imagine his anguish and care ;
 When he heard that the false cruel maid had remov'd
 With another, and none could tell where.

To the fugitive's friends and relations he sped,
 And fought her all day, but in vain ;
 Then homeward, in great perturbation, he fled,
 To tell his dear friend all his pain.

He now reach'd the cottage, and dropping a tear,
He hastily enter'd the door;
And now a fair maid, whom Endymion held dear,
Inform'd him his friend was no more.

While tending the lambkins, one slipp'd in the stream,
To save it he plung'd in the tide;
But the cramp seiz'd his nerves, and in anguish extreme,
He sunk to the bottom and died.

Palemon's heart bled when he heard the sad tale,
How great are my sorrows! he cried;
No more could he utter, his visage turn'd pale,
He fell with a loud groan and died.

When the news reach'd Pastora, remorse seiz'd her breast,
She then fell to madness a slave;
Soon after she died, and, as 'twas her request,
Was interr'd in Palemon's grave.

D. J. W.

SONNET,

FROM CAMOENS.

MEET spirit! who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in heaven! I linger here,
And feel the lonely anguish of my heart,
Thinking of all that made existence dear.

All lost. If in the blissful realms above,
The mem'ry of thy mortal life endure,
Thou wilt not there forget that ardent love,
That still thou feest in me, O spirit pure!

And if the irremediable grief,
The woe that never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee, refer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid! to meet thee there.

A FRAGMENT.

HOW vast, how wond'rous is the mind of man !
 How form'd to range, and all creation scan !
 But yet how far from true delight and joy,
 From those sweet pleasures which have no alloy !
 Can science, with her countless shining throng,
 Or all the transports which to love belong ?
 Can wealth or fame supreme delight secure,
 And by their charms substantial bliss insure ?
 Alas, they fail ! yet let not man despair,
 Though all created joys are mixt with care :
 Religion fills the mind with true content,
 Makes science noble ; learning excellent ;
 Exalts our race, and bids their hopes arise
 Above the clouds, beyond the starry skies ;
 Where never-ceasing wonders will be found,
 And pleasures flow in one eternal round !

London, Nov. 3, 1798.

ONAS *.

WINTER.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

THE short'ning day, the dark'ning clouds,
 Declare th' approach of Winter near ;
 The falling leaves and lifeless flow'rs,
 A fullen, gloomy aspect wear.

In vain I listen thro' the woods,
 Their pleasing melody is o'er ;
 A fullen silence reigns around,
 Or howling winds tumultuous roar.

* We shall be happy to hear from this Correspondent, either in prose or poetry, on any future occasion.

The vernal season now is past,
And all its smiling beauties fled ;
The fields have lost their gay attire,
And all their glowing charms lie dead.

Such, and so transient is our bliss,
So fading are all earthly joys ;
The dazzling glories of the world
Are all but empty, glitt'ring toys.

O let us then direct our hearts
To scenes of pure delight and peace,
Where joys unfading ever bloom,
Extatic joys that never cease !

Kent.

A.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN PERKINS,
WHO DIED IN THE 20TH YEAR OF HIS AGE, JUNE, 1798.

DEPARTED friend !

The big tear started when I heard thy fate
So premature ! and I heav'd a sigh,
That death's unerring hand should cut thee off
In early youth, when fondest hopes arose
To cheer thee ; yet well I know 'tis wrong
To mourn at heav'n's decrees, but that we ought
To bend, with meekness, to the will of him
Who orders all, and for the best ; still well
My heart remembers all the happy hours
Of youth we haye spent in friendly converse,
Or perchance in youthful gaieties—Alas !
They're past for ever, and thou art gone
To scenes far happier, to realms of bliss ;
Yet shall I ever love, at midnight hour,
To seek thy tranquil tomb, and shed the tear
Of sorrow for thy loss.

Hertford, July 31, 1798.

S. W.

EPIGRAM.

"—**N**AY, give me leave to tell you, sir,
 " I've published a *weighty* book
 " Upon the subject in dispute,
 " O'er which 'twere worth your while to look.
 " So, *Dull-head!*"—when a clown exclaim'd,
 " Marry, full *weighty* I'ze be bound;
 " For weel I *ken* when't back's pull'd off,
 " Ilk volume *weighs* twelve pound."—
 " Villain! what mean'st thou?" storms the sage;
 " Nay, plaise your honour, not fae gruff,
 " I'ze sure on't, for with loads I went
 " To—what d'ye call him—that sells snuff.

I. X. I.

ANACREON,

ODE III.

ON WOMEN.

HORNS to bulls hath nature giv'n;
 Fishes swimming; birds to fly;
 Hoots to horses; speed to hares;
 Lions teeth; man bravery.

What for Woman had she left?
 What for woman could she find?—
 Beauty, 'stead of swords and spears,
 Beauty vanquishes mankind.

I. X. I.

SONNET.

NOW deep'ning shadows o'er the landscape steal,
 And evening sheds its fragrance through the air:
 Ah! blissful hour—to contemplation dear;
 And secret joys that vulgar souls ne'er feel?

Ye who reside within the smoky town,
 Ambition's votaries ! wealthy sons of earth !
 Who oft assume the semblance false of mirth,
 And cares awhile in pleasure's vortex drown't ;
 Augusta's sons ! like you I covet not
 The tow'ring grandeur of an attic dome ;
 Blest with an happier though an humbler lot,
 In rural solitudes I love to roam :
 Where green-rob'd nature all her charms hath given,
 And raptur'd fancy soars from earth to heaven.

Lynn, Sept. 1798.

W. C. Jnr.

SONG,

BY MR. W****.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
 Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
 Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
 And so ever neglecting to live.

Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,
 Not a moment unbent or alone ;
 Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
 And at every one's call but his own.

Still repining and longing for quiet each hour,
 Yet studiously flying it still ;
 With the means of enjoying his wish in his power,
 But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
 Before he has leisure to rest ;
 He must add to his stoe this or that pretty sum,
 And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains more bewitching the more they encrease,
 Only swell the desire of his eye ;
 Such a wretch, let mine enemy live, if he please,
 Let not even mine enemy—die.

TO S— C— S—.

WITH A MINIATURE OF THE WRITER.

WHEN haply o'er thy Werter's low-laid head,
The mournful willow shall its foliage wave;
Rosemaries flourish on my clay-cold bed,
And thyme and southernw^d* bedeck my grave.

Say, wilt thou then to former scenes return,
Endearments happy, happy hours recal;
Will tender passion in thy bosom burn,
A tear of pity on this emblem fall?

Ah! wilt thou bear it on thy angel breast,
Gaze on each line, and press it to thy lip;
Say, wilt thou sigh o'er hours supremely blest
When transport glow'd in ev'ry nectar'd sip?

Oh! it will soothe my weary waiting shade,
While oft unseen thy path it hovers round,
'Twill disappointment's rugged edge abrade,
And gently staunch my bosom's bleeding wound.

'Twill deck with smiles what now my soul deplores,
'Till soft decay shall o'er thy vitals steal;
Till pitying heav'n my ravish'd bride restores,
And passing bells rehearse my nuptial peal.

W. H.

SONNET,

TO GOODWIN, OF LYNN.

GEORGE! they say time's lenient hand can heal
The deepest sorrow, and that none can grieve
For ever. 'Tis false! or why will heave
The sigh at thoughts of joy long past? why steal

* Plants with which graves are decorated in Wales.

These agonizing pangs across my breast ?
 For I have long felt grief, yet still I find
 No rest from anguish : still does my mind
 Dwell fondly on those hours of bliss, when rest
 Did visit this poor frame. Ah ! those were days
 Of sunshine, which do sometimes feebly smile
 On anxious youth, and thus deceitfully beguile
 His earliest hours. Alas ! its cheering rays
 Too soon do fade, and often in their room
 AMBITION comes with all its endless gloom.

Hertford, July, 1798.

S. W.

AN ADIEU,
 TO A NEWLY-ACQUIRED, BUT MUCH ES-
 TEEMED FRIEND.

WHAT tho' nor grateful interchange of thought,
 Nor twining cords of social intercourse,
 Confirm the fair idea in the mind
 Of mental excellence and solid worth ;
 Imagination, faithful to her trust,
 Shall hover round with light expanded wing,
 And from th' oblivious touch of lengthen'd absence
 Shield her fav'rite charge.

JULIA.

AN ORIENTAL ELEGY.

[See MONTHLY VISITOR, p. 347, vol. IV.]

O H ! never shall my mind forget
 The maid, who to my tent drew nigh ;
 With fluttering fear her bosom beat,
 And sleep sat heavy on her eye.
 The rings that grac'd her ancles round,
 The cautious fair aside had laid ;
 Left at the sound, calamity
 Had come, and she had been betray'd.

She wail'd the darkness of the way,
That bid the morning star from sight :
The eye-lash of the moon was ting'd
With the black powder of the night.

'Twas such a night when fashion'd clouds,
Like camels, gaze upon the stars ;
While on the border of the sky,
The humid eyes of heav'n dropt tears.

With wonder at this sudden change,
The lightning shew'd his shining teeth ;
The thunder cleft the deafen'd rocks,
And mutter'd anger o'er the heath.

She wish'd—she panted to embrace,
But modesty forbid—a shov'r
Of feeling tears bedew'd her cheek,
And seem'd to wet a rosy bow'r.

She spake—and in my wishful heart
Her panting sighs blew kindling fire :
She wonder'd why I lov'd to rove,
And chid my mad yet fond desire.

" This heart it melts for thee," she cried,
" For thee it feels unutter'd woe ;
" Oh ! how perverse to her that loves,
" How servient to thy guileful foe !

" From realm to realm thou lov'st to fly,
" Without a residence or home ;
" Anon to roll with faithlefs seas,
" Now restless on the shore to roam.

" O say, what fruit, what joys arise,
" In rambling thus from soil to soil ?
" Say, is it not fatigue and pain,
" A joyless never-ending toil ?

" Hast thou then join'd the antelopes,
" Their ever roving wild compeer ?
" With them to range the desert waste,
" Forgetful of the tamer deer ?

" And art thou weary of our plains?
 " And wilt thou still persist to rove?
 " O! woe;—O! more than woe to him,
 " Who flies his solitary love.
 " Pity, at length, my care-torn heart,
 " That seeks relief but finds it not;
 " Within thy fond encircling arms,
 " Be all my grief, my tears forgot.

Welsh-poet.

A. DONOUGHUE.

LINES,

BY L. G.—.

AH! me, bereft of all I in this world held dear,
 Depriv'd of soft happiness's silken thread,
 I wander far, while big the briny tear
 Falls down my bosom, and my poor head
 Devoid of rest, sweet Nature's balmy store,
 Is nearly split by the dread awful blast
 Of adverse fortune;—true it is, these eyes no more
 Will view my Myra's face;—tis past!
 The glorious moment's past, when far from care
 Delightingly I've view'd her charmful form;
 Blest with the smiles of Myra;—Oh! thou constant fair,
 Nipt' was thy youth by death's untimely storm.
 But hush! my heart, 'twas heaven decreed her fall,
 Complaint is fruitless;—I must bear it all.

Literary Review.

Practical Education. By Maria Edgeworth, Author of *Letters for Literary Ladies*, and the *Parent's Assistant*; and by Richard Lovell Edgeworth, F.R.S. and M.R.I.A. 2 Vols. 4to. Johnson.

THE important subject of education will always interest the intelligent part of mankind. Apprised of its beneficial consequences, every attention will be paid to its progress, and every effort rendered subservient to its completion. Hence it may be assumed as an infallible mark of civilization. No individual, no nation emerged from the clouds of barbarism, will be ever tempted to despise it.

Its advantages being thus once known, will not be soon forgotten; a general eagerness for knowledge will prevail, persons of talents will offer their services, and for a small equivalent; science in all its rich variety will diffuse itself through the land. Of late years, the topic of education has been frequently and ably discussed, yet we are ever ready to hear what can still further be advanced upon this interesting subject.

The joint production before us appears to be the result of profound thought and extensive experience. We read the work attentively, and with few exceptions, we pronounce it to be a masterly performance. Whilst the observations are judicious, the illustration is highly entertaining by means of the anecdotes, which are everywhere interspersed. At the end of the Second Volume a summary of the entire contents is annexed,

which we shall present to our readers. Its length renders it necessary that it should be divided into two parts, the first of which shall be here given, the remaining one in the succeeding Number. In transcribing this summary, we are persuaded, that we are performing an acceptable service to those parents who have the welfare of their children at heart. For its length we make no apology, but happy shall we deem ourselves were we able to excite within the minds of parents of every description, a proportionable attention to the interests of the rising generation. Alas! beauty, wealth, honours, and all the trappings of external pageantry, without a suitable education, are only so many incentives to vice, so many temptations precipitating their victims into the gulph of misery.

“ SUMMARY.

“ THE general principle,” ‘ that we should associate pleasure with whatever we wish that our pupils should pursue, and pain with whatever we wish that they should avoid,’ forms, our readers will perceive, the basis of our plan of education. This maxim, applied to the cultivation of the understanding, or of the affections, will, we apprehend, be equally successful; virtues, as well as abilities, or what is popularly called genius, we believe to be the result of education, not the gift of nature. A fond mother will tremble at the idea, that so much depends upon her own care in the early education of her children; but, even though she may be inexperienced in the art, she may be persuaded that patience and perseverance will ensure her success: even from her timidity we may prophesy favourably; for, in education, to know the danger is often to avoid it. The first steps require rather caution and gentle kindness, than any difficult or laborious exertions; the female sex are from their situation, their manners, and talents, peculiarly suited to the superintendence of the early years of childhood. We have therefore, in the first chapters of the preceding work, endeavoured to adapt our remarks principally to female readers, and we shall think ourselves happy if any anxious mother feels their practical utility.

“ II.

" In the chapters on Toys, Tasks, and Attention, we have attempted to show how the instruction and amusements of children may be so managed as to coincide with each other. *Play*, we have observed, is only a change of occupation, and toys, to be permanently agreeable to children, must afford them continued employment. We have declared war against *tasks*, or rather against the train of melancholy ideas which, associated with this word, usually render it odious to the ears of the disgusted scholar. By kind patience, and well-timed, distinct, and, above all, by short lessons, a young child may be initiated in the mysteries of learning, and in the first principles of knowledge, without fatigue, or punishment, or tears. No matter how little be learned in a given time, provided the pupil be not disgusted; provided the wish to improve be excited, and the habits of attention be acquired. Attention we consider as the faculty of the mind which is essential to the cultivation of all its other powers.

" It is essential to success in what are called accomplishments, or talents, as well as to our progress in the laborious arts or abstract sciences. Believing so much to depend upon this faculty or habit, we have taken particular pains to explain the practical methods by which it may be improved. The general maxims, that the attention of young people should at first be exercised but for very short periods; that they should never be urged to the point of fatigue; that pleasure, especially the great pleasure of success, should be associated with the exertions of the pupil; are applicable to children of all tempers. The care which has been recommended, in the use of words, to convey uniformly distinct ideas, will, it is hoped, be found advantageous. We have, without entering into the speculative question concerning the original differences of temper and genius, offered such observations as we thought might be useful in the education of the attention of vivacious and indolent children; whether their idleness or indolence proceed from nature, or from mistaken modes of instruction, we have been anxious to point out means of curing their defects; and, from our successful experience with pupils apparently of opposite dispositions, we have ventured to assert with some confidence, that no parent should despair of correcting a child's defects, that no preceptor should despair of producing in his pupil the species of abilities which his education

steadily tends to form. These are encouraging hopes, but not flattering promises. Having just opened these bright views to parents, we have paused to warn them, that all their expectations, all their cares will be in vain, unless they have sufficient prudence and strength of mind to follow a certain mode of conduct with respect to servants, and with respect to common acquaintance. More failures in private education have been occasioned by the interference of servants and acquaintance, than from any other cause. It is impossible, we repeat it in the strongest terms, it is impossible that parents can be successful in the education of their children at home, unless they have steadiness enough to resist all interference from visitors and acquaintance, who from thoughtless kindness, or a busy desire to administer advice, are apt to counteract the views of a preceptor; and who often in a few minutes undo the work of years. When our pupils have formed their habits, and have reason and experience sufficient to guide them, let them be left as free as air; let them choose their friends and acquaintance; let them see the greatest variety of characters, and hear the greatest variety of conversation and opinions: but whilst they are children, whilst they are destitute of the means to judge, their parents or preceptors must supply their deficient reason; and authority, without violence, should direct them to their happiness. They must see, that all who are concerned in their education agree in the means of governing them; in all their commands and prohibitions, in the distribution of praise and blame, of reward and punishment, there must be unanimity. Where there does not exist this unanimity in families; where parents have not sufficient firmness to prevent the interference of acquaintance, and sufficient prudence to keep children from *all private communication with servants*, we earnestly advise that the children be sent to some public seminary of education. We have taken some pains to detail the methods by which all hurtful communication between children and servants in a well regulated family may be avoided, and we have asserted, from the experience of above twenty years, that these methods have been found not only practicable, but easy.

"In the chapters on Obedience, Temper, and Truth, the general principle, that pleasure should excite to exertion and virtue, and that pain should be connected with whatever we

with

wish our pupils to avoid, is applied to practice with a minuteness of detail which we knew not how to avoid. Obedience we have considered as a relative, rather than as a positive virtue: before children are able to conduct themselves, their obedience must be rendered habitual: obedience alters its nature as the pupil becomes more and more rational; and the only method to secure the obedience, the willing, enlightened obedience of rational beings, is to convince them by experience, that it tends to their happiness. Truth depends upon example more than precept, and we have endeavoured to impress it on the minds of all who are concerned in education, that the first thing necessary to teach their pupils to love truth, is in their whole conduct to respect it themselves. We have reprobated the artifices sometimes used by preceptors towards their pupils; we have shewn that all confidence is destroyed by these deceptions. May they never more be attempted! May parents unite in honest detestation of these practices! Children are not fools, and they are not to be governed like fools. Parents who adhere to the firm principle of truth, may be certain of the respect and confidence of their children. Children who never see the example of falsehood, will grow up with a simplicity of character, with an habitual love of truth, that must surprise preceptors who have seen the propensity to deceit which early appears in children who have had the misfortune to live with servants, or with persons who have the habits of meanness and cunning. We have advised, that children, before their habits are formed, should never be exposed to temptations to deceive; that no questions should be asked them which hazard their young integrity; that as they grow older they should gradually be trusted; and that they should be placed in situations where they may feel the advantages both of speaking truth, and of obtaining a character for integrity. The perception of the utility of this virtue to the individual, and to society, will confirm the habitual reverence in which our pupils have been taught to hold it. As young people become reasonable, the nature of their habits and of their education should be explained to them, and their virtues, from being virtues of custom, should be rendered virtues of choice and reason. It is easier to confirm good habits by the conviction of the understanding, than to induce habits in consequence of that conviction. This principle

ciple we have pursued in the chapter on Rewards and Punishments; we have not considered punishment as vengeance or retaliation, but as *pain inflicted with the reasonable hope of procuring some future advantage to the delinquent, or to society*. The smallest possible quantity of pain that can effect this purpose, we suppose, must, with all just and humane persons, be the measure of punishment. This notion of punishment, both for the sake of the preceptor and the pupil, should be clearly explained as early as it can be made intelligible. As to rewards, we do not wish that they should be bribes; they should stimulate, without weakening the mind. The consequences which naturally follow every species of good conduct, are the proper and best rewards that we can devise; children whose understandings are cultivated, and whose tempers are not spoiled, will be easily made happy without the petty bribes which are administered daily to ill educated, ignorant, over stimulated, and, consequently, wretched and ill-humoured children. Far from making childhood a state of continual penance, restraint, and misery, we wish that it should be made a state of uniform happiness; that parents and preceptors should treat their pupils with as much equality and kindness as the improving reason of children justifies. The views of children should be extended to their future advantage*, and they should consider childhood as a part of their existence, not as a certain number of years which must be passed over before they can enjoy any of the pleasures of life, before they can enjoy any of the privileges of *grown up people*. Preceptors should not accustom their pupils to what they call indulgence, but should give them the utmost degree of present pleasure which is consistent with their future advantage. Would it not be folly and cruelty to give present pleasure at the expence of a much larger portion of future pain? When children acquire experience and reason, they rejudge the conduct of those who have educated them; and their confidence and their gratitude will be in exact proportion to the wisdom and justice with which they have been governed.

" It was necessary to explain at large these ideas of rewards and punishments, that we might clearly see our way in the progress of education. After having determined, that our ob-

* *Emilius.*

ject is to obtain for our pupils the greatest possible portion of felicity; after having observed, that no happiness can be enjoyed in society without the social virtues, without the *useful* and the *agreeable* qualities; our view naturally turns to the means of forming these virtues, of ensuring these essential qualities. On our sympathy with our fellow-creatures depend many of our social virtues; from our ambition to excel our competitors arise many of our most *useful* and *agreeable* actions. We have considered these principles of action as they depend on each other, and as they are afterwards separated. Sympathy and sensibility, uninformed by reason, cannot be proper guides to action. We have endeavoured to shew how sympathy may be improved into virtue. Children should not see the deformed expression of the malevolent passions in the countenance of those who live with them: before the habits are formed, before sympathy has any rule to guide itself, it is necessarily determined by example. Benevolence and affectionate kindness from parents to children first inspire the pleasing emotions of love and gratitude. Sympathy is not able to contend with passion or appetite: we should therefore avoid placing children in painful competition with one another. We love those from whom we receive pleasure. To make children fond of each other, we must make them the cause of pleasure to each other; we must place them in situations where no passion or appetite crosses their natural sympathy. We have spoken of the difference between transient, convivial sympathy, and that higher species of sympathy which, connected with esteem, constitutes friendship. We have exhorted parents not to exhaust imprudently the sensibility of their children; not to lavish careles upon their infancy, and cruelly to withdraw their kindnes when their children have learned to expect the daily stimulus of affection. The idea of exercising sensibility we have endeavoured to explain, and to shew, that if we require premature gratitude and generosity from young people, we shall only teach them affectation and hypocrisy. We have slightly touched on the dangers of excessive female sensibility, and have suggested, that useful, active employments, and the cultivation of the reasoning faculty, render sympathy and sensibility more respectable, and not less graceful.

" In treating of vanity, pride, and ambition, we have been more indulgent to vanity than our *proud* readers will approve.

We

We hope, however, not to be misunderstood; we hope that we shall not appear to be admirers of that mean and ridiculous foible, which is anxiously concealed by all who have any desire to obtain esteem. We cannot, however, avoid thinking it is a contradiction to inspire young people with a wish to excel, and at the same time to insist upon their repressing all expressions of satisfaction if they succeed. The desire to obtain the good opinion of others is a strong motive to exertion: this desire cannot be discriminative in children before they have any knowledge of the comparative value of different qualities, and before they can estimate the consequent value of the applause of different individuals. We have endeavoured to shew how, from appealing at first to the opinions of others, children may be led to form judgments of their own actions, and to appeal to their own minds for approbation. The sense of duty and independent self-complacency, may gradually be substituted in the place of weak, ignorant vanity. There is not much danger that young people, whose understandings are improved, and who mix gradually with society, should not be able to repress those offensive expressions of vanity or pride, which are disagreeable to the feelings of the "impartial spectators." We should rather let the vanity of children find its own level than attempt any artificial adjustments; they will learn propriety of manners from observation and experience; we should have patience with their early uncivilized presumption, lest we, by premature restraints, check the energy of the mind, and induce the cold, feeble vice of hypocrisy. In their own family, among the friends whom they ought to love and esteem, let children, with simple, unrevered vivacity, express the good opinion they have of themselves. It is infinitely better that they should be allowed this necessary expansion of self-complacency in the company of their superiors, than that it should be repressed by the cold hand of authority, and afterwards be displayed in the company of inferiors and sycophants. We have endeavoured to distinguish between the proper and improper use of praise as a motive in education: we have considered it as a stimulus which, like all other excitements, is serviceable or pernicious, according to the degree in which it is used, and the circumstances in which it is applied."

{To be concluded in our next.]

The

A View of the Causes and Consequences of English Wars, from the Invasion of this Country by Julius Cæsar to the present Time. By Anthony Robinson. Johnson.

THE nature of this Volume may be learnt by the perusal of this prefatory paragraph :—

“ The following View of English Wars we present to the people, in order to convince them that war can never be *beneficial to them* when it is unjust, and that it can never be just when it is offensive, or even when defensive, unless the attack be serious and the cause important. If our readers lament the injustice and folly of their ancestors, which we think they may justly do, let them, by a wiser and more virtuous conduct, instruct posterity at once to reverence them, and to preserve themselves from the hypocrisy of those who aspire to be the masters of mankind. This is no party production, it is intended to serve no temporary purpose, it was dictated by no other desire or aim, than that of preserving the peace of society, and guarding the virtuous against the artifices of the oppressors of the world.

“ We lay no claim to the novelty of discovery, or profundity of research; we have selected from the historians of our own country, facts which they all verify, thinking that that labour is not lost which is employed in extracting a lesson of wisdom from the records of ages, and in bringing into a clear and narrow view the salutary information which lies scattered and mixed with various matter in the pages of many unwieldy volumes.

“ He who inculcates the precepts of morality in the language of facts, adopts a method of instruction, in our opinion, not the least likely to be effectual.”

For the honour of humanity we wish that the detail here given of the *Wars of England* were false, certainly the tale is bloody, and we are fearful contains too much truth. O war! are thy horrors never to cease? Shall the sword never enter its scabbard, and abide there till the consummation of all things?

The

The ingenious author gives a spirited account of *Joan of Arc*, the heroic maid of Orleans, which we shall insert. We have already reviewed Southey's epic poem founded on the history of this female champion. Her story is no common one, and creates an interest in every feeling mind. Her talents and her virtues should have shielded her from the hands of the executioner. But she will live for ever in the minds of those who are elevated above vulgar prejudices, and whose powers are bent on advancing the best interests of the human race.

HISTORY OF JOAN OF ARC.

"Joan of Arc was born in the parish of Greux, upon the Meuse, in the village of Dompre, A. D. 1407. Her parents were poor, and her education flender. She spent her early years in service, and lived some time at an inn at Neufchatel in Lorrain. Here, obliged occasionally to attend the stables, she became expert in the manly exercise of riding. She was remarkable for vigour and activity. When every mind was occupied by the impending fate of France, this young woman catched the general feeling. She meditated deeply on the subject. She thought heaven and earth united to affirm the title of Charles to the throne. She thought heaven would raise up a deliverer for France; for heaven is just, and the great cause demanded its interposition. Full of these ideas, she meditated, she prayed, she dreamed. Her mind was full of the subject day and night. She thought of David, the shepherd youth, the heroic deliverer of Israel. The meanness of the instrument magnified the divine power. Rapt with these ideas, the trouble and ardour of her mind ended in inspiration and vision. She believed God would raise up an instrument—she believed she had his commission. She conversed with St. Margaret and St. Catharine, who commanded her, by the authority of God, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct King Charles to be crowned at Rheims. She was twenty-two years of age, active, vigorous, and full of resolution. She did not despise the divine command. She hastened to the court, and was permitted to open her commission to the king.

"She addressed the king with respect, but with the freedom and confidence becoming one who bore a high commission.

sion. She told him her name was Joan, the maid; that God had sent her to his assistance; and that if he would put troops under her direction, she would, by the assistance of heaven, raise the siege of Orleans, and lead him to be crowned at Rheims.

" Her manner was commanding. The whole court partook of her enthusiasm, were inspired with faith in her promises. The story flew from rank to rank, from army to army, revived the drooping spirits of the French, and struck the English with astonishment and fear.

" Seven months the siege had continued, and sixty forts had been constructed round that city by the English. Every day they expected the town to surrender. A convoy of arms, ammunition, and provisions, collected at Blois, was sent to the relief of Orleans. Five thousand men escorted this convoy. The Maid of Orleans accompanied the convoy, displaying her standard in the front of the army, well mounted and completely armed.

" When she approached Orleans, the English, astonished and dismayed, made a feeble resistance, the convoy was conveyed into the city without loss; and the Maid entered in triumph, amidst universal acclamations. The French, inspired with new ardour, every day sallied forth upon the enemy; an offensive operation to which they had long been strangers. Six thousand English perished in these sallies; and the English, dispirited and always beaten, caused the siege to be raised, May 8, 1429.

" The English and the French agreed that the Maid possessed powers supernatural; but the former ascribed to the devil what the latter said came from God.

" The Earl of Suffolk had retired from the walls of Orleans into Gergeaux with 1200 men; thither the French followed him, and the town was taken by scalade—one half of the garrison was killed; the other half, with Suffolk himself and his brother, were made prisoners. The Maid was here wounded on the head, and thrown from the top of her ladder into the ditch. But she animated the troops in the midst of disaster. " Advance, my brave countrymen," she cried from the ditch, " God has doomed the English to destruction."

" The English having collected together a formidable army, it was thought hazardous to risque an action. In this difficulty

culty the French consulted the Maid. "Let us fight the English," cried she, "in the name of God, if they were suspended in the clouds!" "Where shall we find them?" said they—"March, march," said the Maid, "God will be your guide*."

"The soldiers became bold, and fear fled from the camp. They rushed to action in the confidence of victory, and victory was theirs.

"Charles now, regardless of difficulty, marched on to Rheims, where he was crowned on the 18th of July.

"The Maid, her prophecies fulfilled, her work gloriously accomplished, fell prostrate at the feet of Charles, and melting under the strength of her emotions, with a flood of tears, demanded permission to return into her former station; but the king had now learned her value, refused her request, and ennobled her and her family.

"She continued with the army, performing prodigies of valour; but on the following year, May 25, as she headed a falley from the town of Compeigne, she was taken prisoner.

"The English triumphed at her captivity more than they would have done at that of the best French general and fifty thousand soldiers. They threw her into a dungeon, and loaded her with irons. After this brutal usage, they brought her before the inquisition, and tried her for *heresy, sorcery, and witchcraft*.

"The chamber of murder sat Feb. 13, 1431. Joan was brought before them laden with irons, which she intreated them to relieve her from; but her judges were deaf to her cries. They denied her the assistance of counsel, and sought to ensnare her with subtle and perplexing questions. But her answers were prompt and effectual. She affirmed the reality of her inspiration. They could not confound her, they could convict her of nothing but wearing man's apparel and carrying arms. She consented, after their exhortations and threats, to sign never more to wear man's apparel or carry arms. She retired from this terrible tribunal, and dressed herself according to her sex. This dress was taken away in the night by her guards; and, after bitter cries and lamentations, to hide herself from vulgar and rude inspection, she drew over her some

* Villar. tom. x.

part of the clothes which had been left instead of the female drefs. Her keepers now rushed into the room, and swore she was again in man's apparel. Her judges were assembled, and the sentence of death was passed upon her, for this act which they had compelled her to perform, as a relapsed heretic.

"The inquisition had examined every circumstance of her life, had dispatched inquirers to the place where her childhood and youth had been passed; but the early days of Joan were without reproach. Her morals had no stain. She was condemned to be burned. The fire was kindled, and Joan, the terror of armies, was led forth. Her health was wasted by confinement and chains. She was firm and pious, calling to the last upon Jesus! The spectators were moved, a general tremour seized all the crowd, except the priests her murderers. The secular magistrates were deprived of utterance, and could only say *proceed*. The executioners did their office, and on the 30th of May, 1431, perished in the flames, Joan of Arc, the favourer of her country, the greatest of her sex, the wonder of ages! It belonged to the priests to be the murderers of this illustrious patriot, it belongs to Providence to visit her murder on their race. It is done; and with a vengeance which we deplore with all the bitterness of grief."

The Volume is dedicated to the celebrated calculator William Morgan, Esq. F. R. S. nephew of the late Dr. Richard Price.

The Natural Son; a Play, in five Acts, by Augustus Von Kotzebue, Poet Laureat and Director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, being the Original of Lover's Vows, now performing with universal Applause, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. Translated from the German by Anne Plumptre, (Author of the Rector's Son, Antoinette, &c.) who has prefixed a Preface, explaining the Alterations in the Representation; and has also annexed a Life of Kotzebue. Symonds. 2s. 6d.

THIS appears to be an able and elegant translation of a very interesting play, well deserving of perusal in the closet, and particularly in this entire form in VOL. V. D d which

which Miss Plumptre has presented it to the Public. Of its plot and characters an account was given in the Dramatical department of our last Number. The translator has very justly observed, that—

"The flattering reception which the Natural Son, under the altered title of Lover's Vows, has experienced from an English audience, in an abridged and mutilated state, affords reason to believe that a complete translation of so admirable a drama will entitle itself to a still higher degree of public approbation. The Natural Son, since its first appearance in Germany, has uniformly ranked among the most favourite productions of the pen of its illustrious author; its celebrity had long attracted the notice of the translator, and a perusal of it satisfied her, that it was one of those brilliant dramatic meteors, whose lustre ought to be extended from the German to the English horizon."

We shall now present an ample specimen of this original production.

The disclosure of the mother's history to the son, on his return home from the wars, is tender and impressive :—

"*Fred.* Speak, dearest mother! lay open your whole heart!
" *Wilhel.* Ah! my son, I will tell you all; and yet shame almost chains my tongue: do not then look at me.

"*Fred.* Know I not well the heart of my mother! accursed be the thought that would condemn her for a *weakness*—of a *crime* she is incapable.

"*Wilhel.* Yon village, the spire of whose church you see at a distance, is the place of my birth: In that church was I baptized, and there also was I instructed in the first rudiments of our faith. My parents were pious and good cottagers; poor, but honest. When I was fourteen years old, I chanced one day to be seen by the lady of the castle; I pleased her, she took me to her mansion, and delighted in forming my rustic mind. She put good books into my hands; I was instructed in French and music; my ideas and capacities developed themselves, but so also did my vanity: Yes, under the appearance

pearance of reserve I became a vain silly girl. I had just attained my seventeenth year, when the son of my benefactress, who was in the Saxon service, obtained leave of absence, and came to visit us; it was the first time of my seeing him; he was a handsome and seductive youth;—he talked to me of love, of marriage;—he was the first man who had paid homage to my charms: Ah, Frederick, do not look at me, I cannot go on. (*Frederick casts down his eyes, and presses her hand to his heart—both pause*) I, too credulous creature, was beguiled of my innocence! he feigned the most ardent love—promised me marriage after the death of his aged mother—swore eternal faith and constancy.—Alas! and I forgot my pious parents, the precepts of our worthy pastor, the kindness of my foster-mother—Ah! Frederick, Frederick, often as I cast my eyes towards the tower of yonder church, so often does the figure of our good old pastor with his silver hairs seem to stand before my eyes, as he appeared when for the first time I went to confession. How did my young heart then flutter—how full was I of virtue and elevated devotion!—Oh at that time, certain of triumph, I had courage frankly to acknowledge every failing.—How, oh Heavens! how could it be possible, that a wild unthinking youth, should, by a few idle words and glances, efface that deep, deep impression: yet so it was—I became pregnant—We were both awakened from our sweet intoxication, and shuddered at the fearful prospect of the future. I had put every thing to the hazard—he only had to fear the anger of his mother, a good, but inexorably strict woman. How tenderly did he conjure me, how affectionately did he intreat of me, not to betray him!—How seductively, how ardently did he promise hereafter to make me amends for all—and so dearly did I love him, that I gave him my word, to conceal the name of my seducer,—to bury his image in my heart, and patiently to endure, for his sake, whatever sorrow might be in store for me.—Alas, 'tis much indeed that I have suffered!—He departed, satisfied—meanwhile the time of my delivery approached—I could no longer conceal my situation—Ah! I was severely dealt with for persisting in my refusal to name the father of my child.—I was driven indignantly from the house, and when I came to the door of my afflicted parents, there too was I denied admittance. My father upbraided me bitterly, and even was about to curse me,

when my mother tore him hastily away. She soon returned—threw me a crooked dollar, which *she* wore about her neck, and wept; since that time I never have seen them. But the dollar I have still. (*she shows it*) I have suffered hunger rather than part with this! (*she gazes on it some time, kisses it, and restores it to its place*). Without a house in which to hide my head, without money, without friends, I wandered a whole night in the open fields. Once I had arrived at the river-side, there where stands the mill, and sorely was I tempted to throw myself in under the mill-wheel, thus at once to end my misery. But immediately the image of the worthy Pastor presented itself before me with his gentle, venerable mein—I started back, and looked around me to see whether he were not behind me.—The thought of him, and of his precepts, awakened my confidence—morning came on, I resolved to go to his house. He received me affectionately, uttered not a single reproach—“What is done,” he said, “is done! Heaven pardons the penitent—reform then, my daughter, and all may yet be well. Here in this village, however, thou must not remain; that will be to thee a continued mortification, and a scandal to my parishioners—but,” — and here he put a piece of gold into my hand, together with a letter which he had written in my behalf,—“go to the town, my daughter, seek out an old and respectable widow to whom this letter is directed, with her thou wilt be safe, and *she* will besides give thee instruction in what manner to obtain an honest livelihood.”—With these words he laid his hand upon my forehead, and giving me his blessing, promised also to endeavour to soften my father.—Ah! I seemed now to receive new life!—On my way to the town I reconciled myself with my Creator, and solemnly vowed never again to deviate from the path of virtue—that vow I have strictly kept, so far may you still respect me, my Frederick. (*Frederick presses her silently in his arms; after a pause she proceeds*) Your birth was to me the cause of much sorrow, and much joy—Twice did I write to your father, but God only knows whether he received the letters, no answer have I ever obtained.

“Fred. (*Hastily*) No answer!

“Wilhel. Be calm! my son, be calm!—It was in time of war, his regiment was then in service,—all was bustle and confusion throughout the whole country,—the troops of three different

different powers pursued each other alternately ; how easily then might letters be lost ; No, he certainly never received mine, for he was no villain. Since then indeed I have never troubled him ; it might be pride, or call it what you please, but I thought that if he had not forgotten me, he would certainly seek information concerning me,—learn from our pastor whither I was retired, and come to see me ; but alas, he came not, and some years after I even heard (*she sighs deeply*)—that he was married. Thus was I compelled to bid farewell to my last ray of hope ;—in silence and solitude I inhabited an indigent cottage, where I gained a livelihood by the work of my hands, and by instructing the neighbouring children in what I had learnt at the castle. You, my dearest Frederick, were my only joy ; and on your education I bestowed all that I could spare from the necessaries of food and cloathing. My diligence was not ill repaid ; you were a good boy, only your wildness, your youthful fire, your love for a soldier's life, and desire to ramble about the world, occasioned me many a heart-ache : at last I thought it must be as God pleases ! Is it the boy's destination ? I will not hinder him, though my heart should break at the seperation. Five years ago, therefore, I suffered you to depart, giving you at that time, all that I could possibly spare, perhaps more than I ought to have spared, but then I was in health, and when that is the case, one is too apt to think one shall never be sick. Indeed had I continued well, I had earnt still much more than I wanted for myself, had been a rich woman for one in my situation, and still, dear Frederick, had sent you every year a Christmas present. But I was attacked by a lingering sickness—there ended my earnings—my little store scarcely sufficed for physician, nurse and medicines, and I was obliged a few days ago, to turn my back upon my poor little cottage, as I had no longer wherewithal to pay the rent. My only resource was to totter along the road with this stick, this bag, and these rags, and solicit a morsel of bread from the charity of those who happened to pass by.

“ *Fred.* Ah, if your Frederick had suspected this, how bitter would have been every morsel he eat, every drop that he drank. Well, God be thanked ! I am here again, you are alive, and I will remain with you ; I will not on any account leave you ; and I will write thus to my Captain. Let him take it as he will, let him revile it as desertion, I will

not stir from my mother. Alas ! however I have not learnt any art, or trade, but I have a pair of nervous arms, I can guide the plough, I can handle the flail ; I will hire myself as a day-labourer, and at night copy writings for some lawyer ; for thanks to you, my good mother, I write a fair and legible hand. Oh, all will go well ! God will help us, for he supports those who honour their parents.

" *Wilhel.* (clasps him in her arms much affected) What princess could offer me an equivalent for such a son ?"

The agreeable and disagreeable of marriages, are thus pleasingly described :—

" *Amelia.* What I am ignorant of must be indifferent to me—I know nothing of the marriage state.

" *Pastor.* For that very reason I wait upon you, madam, it is the subject of my commission from your father. He wishes me to lay before you the agreeable and disagreeable sides of such a condition.

" *Amelia.* Begin then with the disagreeable, the best shall be reserved to the last.

" *Pastor.* With the disagreeable ?—Oh, madam, when two affectionate congenial hearts unite ; the marriage state has then no disagreeable side. Hand in hand the happy pair journey through life. Where they find their path occasionally strewed o'er with thorns, diligently and cheerfully they clear their way. If a stream cross their steps, the stronger bears the weaker over : or if a rock is to be climbed, the stronger takes the weaker by the hand :—patience and love are their companions. What would be impracticable to one, to their united efforts proves but sport—and when they have reached the summit, the weaker wipes the sweat from the brows of her more vigorous partner. Their joys, their pains, are never divided guests, nor will one ever experience a pang of sorrow while transport warms the bosom of the other. A smile illuminates the countenance of both ; or tears distil from both their eyes. But their raptures are more lively and ecstatic than single unparticipated joy ; their sorrow less corroding than solitary woes : for participation enhances the one, and alleviates the other.—Thus their whole life resembles a beautiful summer's day ; beautiful, even though a transient shower may intervene :—for showers refresh the face of nature, and the sun bursts from

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the cloud with renovating lustre. And when the evening of their day draws on, it finds them surrounded with flowers, which they themselves have planted and reared, patiently awaiting the approach of night. Then, then, indeed—for night will come—the one takes the lead and first lies down to sleep, and happy *that* one to whose lot it falls:—the survivor wanders in melancholy solitude, weeping at not being allowed to sleep also.—And this is the only disagreeable feature of such a marriage.

"*Amelia.* Oh, I will marry!

"*Pastor.* Right, madam, this picture is alluring, but recollect that 'tis a picture for which two loving and congenial hearts sat as the models. But if motives of mere convenience (what the world generally terms prudence) if parental authority, rashness or caprice, tie the bonds of Hymen, then, alas! the state of matrimony has *no* agreeable side. No longer free and unshackled man and woman walk with light and airy steps, but victims of a late repentance drag along their galling chains. Satiety is depicted on each brow. Images of lost happiness, painted in stronger colours by imagination's delusive hand, and more tempting in proportion as they are unattainable.—Sanguine and romantic hopes, which haply might never have been realized if this marriage had not taken place, but the practicability of which the mind holds certain, if the parties were not fettered by wedlock. These ideas incessantly harass the soul, and condemn them to actual suffering, where otherwise patience only would have been called into exertion. Gradually they accustom themselves to contemplate their irksome companion as the hateful cause of all the evils which befall them. Gall infuses itself into their conversation, coldness into their caresses. To none are they more captious, from none more apt to take offence, than from their wedded partner: and what would yield them delight in a stranger is viewed with apathy in the person of their nearest connection. In this manner, with averted face and downcast eyes, the hapless pair drag on through life, till at length one lies down to sleep:—then exultingly the survivor lifts the head and triumphantly exclaims—"Liberty! Liberty!"—And this forms the *only* pleasing feature in such a marriage.

"*Amelia.* I will not marry!"

The

The concluding scene is thus well delineated :—

SCENE VIII. *The Baron, Amelia, and Pastor.*

“ *Baron.* (*still clasping Amelia in his arms*) Ah, I breathe more freely!—And now a word with you, my Amelia—Twenty years ago, your father was guilty of a lapse—seduced a poor girl, and gave existence to a child, who till this day has wandered about the world in meanness and poverty. The circumstance has pressed upon my mind like a rock of granite—You may remember how many an evening I have spent in gloom and deep dejection—with my eyes fixed as I sat in my arm-chair smoking my pipe—not hearing you when you spoke, not smiling when you caressed me—then was it that my conscience upbraided me—that all my wealth, my rank, nor even you, my child, could procure me the repose which a spotless mind alone can feel. Now I have found both wife and son; and this worthy man, (*pointing to the Pastor*) as well as this (*pointing to his heart*) both tell me ‘tis my duty publicly to acknowledge them as such. What think you?

“ *Amelia.* (*caressing him*) My father need not ask that.

“ *Baron.* Will not the loss you must experience, cost you one sigh? Will a father’s repose pay you for all?

“ *Amelia.* What loss?

“ *Baron.* You were considered as my only heiress.

“ *Amelia.* (*tenderly reproving him*) Oh my father!

“ *Baron.* You lose two fine estates.

“ *Amelia.* But a brother’s love will amply repay them.

“ *Baron.* And mine! (*pressing her eagerly to his bosom*)

“ *Pastor.* (*turning aside*) Oh why not mine also!

“ *Baron.* (*to the Pastor*) My friend, for a victory over one prejudice, I have to thank you!—for a victory over a second, I must thank myself!—A man like you, the teacher, and the image of virtue, raises his profession to one of the noblest that the world can boast. Were all your brethren like yourself, christianity might well be proud of them!—you are a **NOBLE MAN**—I am only a nobleman—or, if I am now likely to become more, it is to you I shall be indebted for the change. I am indeed very much your debtor—Amelia, will you pay for me? (*Amelia looks at her father doubtfully for a few moments, then lets fall her hands, turns to the Pastor, and flies into his arms.*)

“ *Pastor.*

" Pastor. (*in the utmost astonishment.*) My God!—my Lord Baron.

" Baron. Silence, silence! Not a word.

" Amelia. (*kissing him*) Silence, silence! You, indeed, love me! (*The Pastor loosens himself from her arms, bursts into tears, attempts to speak, but is unable—he goes up to the Baron, takes his hand, and is about pressing it to his mouth, when the Baron withdraws his hand, and presses him in his arms.*) Oh! I am so happy!

" Baron. (*withdrawing his arms from the Pastor.*) Enough, enough!—Oh, I could cry like a child!—Suffer me, suffer me to compose myself a few moments—I have yet another scene to come, more heart-affecting than even this—Now, dearest son, in a few minutes all shall be accomplished, and the last rays of the declining sun shall beam upon the happiest group in Nature's wide-extended kingdom.—Where is Wilhelmina?

" Pastor. I will fetch her.

" Baron. Stop!—my mind is agitated!—my heart so throbs!—one moment to recover myself. (*He walks backwards and forwards, breathes with difficulty, and casts his eyes frequently towards the door of the adjoining room.*) That way will she come—that was my mother's chamber—thence have I often seen her come—have feasted on her sweet smile—how can I bear to see her sorrow-worn countenance?—Frederick must plead for me—Where is my Frederick? (*calls*) Frank! (*Huntsman enters*) Where is my son?

" Huntsman. In his room.

" Baron. Desire him to come hither! (*to the Pastor*) Now! my heart beats eagerly! Haste! Haste!—conduct her in! (*The Pastor goes out at the side-door—the Baron turns towards it, but starts back some steps, while all his features betray the greatest agitation.*)

SCENE IX. Enter the PASTOR, conducting in WILHELMINA—the BARON catches her speechless in his arms—she almost faints. The BARON and PASTOR place her in a chair; the BARON kneels before her, with one arm round her waist, and her hand pressed in the other.

Baron. Wilhelmina! know you not my voice?

" Wilhel. (*tenderly and faintly*) Wildenhain!

" Baron.

" *Baron.* Can you forgive me ?

" *Wilhel.* I forgive you !

" *Fred.* (enters hastily.) My mother's voice !—Oh, mother !—father ! (He throws himself on his knees by the other side of his mother—she bends tenderly over both—the Pastor stands with his eyes gratefully turned towards heaven—Amelia leans on his shoulder, and wipes the tears from her eyes.)

The curtain falls. End of the Play.

The subjoined sketch of the life and writings of Kotzebue is entertaining ; indeed every account, however short, of this extraordinary man, must impart a gratification to his readers.

An Elegy on a much-loved Niece, with a Hymn from the Ethiopic, by Eusebio. Egerton. 1s.

THIS Elegy is dictated by an affection which deserves our commendation, and its subject disarms the severity of criticism. The following soothing lines, addressed to the bereav'd parent, are not an unpleasing specimen of the whole :—

What comforts still in thy domestic bow'r
Flourish around ! Two opening roses there,
Whose vernal fragrance scents each passing hour,
Claim all the fondness of maternal care.

Oh ! may the filial blotsoms, gently fann'd
By virtue's fostering breath, their ripen'd charms expand.

And when the chilling hand of wint'ry Time,
Shall round thy head its hoary garland throw,
May the sweet sister flowers in blendid prime,
With liveliest blushes deck the cheerless snow.

To latest age full may their foliage spread,
Their sweets surviving still, altho' their bloom may fade !

Ye guardian pow'rs ! who hover round the good,
 Bid harm and grief from her *Maria* fly,
 And dissipate each cloud that would intrude
 On the gay sunshine of *Eliza's* eye.
 May their young merits round her bleeding heart,
 In soothing union twin'd, a constant balm impart.

The Hymn from the *Ethiopic*, is an animated composition. "This species of composition," says the translator, "called the Blank Ode, or Hymn, was introduced by Milton, in his translation of Horace's *Quis multa gracilis, &c.* and afterwards adopted by Collins in his *Ode to Evening*." The foreign extraction of this piece may render it an object of curiosity; the three first verses we transcribe :—

Hush'd is the fury of the wint'ry storm ;
 Melodious murmurs warble through the woods ;
 The plain no longer shakes
 Beneath the torrent's roar.

O thou ! whose bounty bids the meadows smile,
 With verdant beauty and with fragrant flowers,
 Who glorieſt to adorn
 All nature with thy love !

Thou ! whose high mandate sun and stars obey,
 Sow in our bosoms the prolific seeds,
 Whence springs the heav'nly flow'r
 Of gratitude divine.

The Elements of Military Tactics, conformable to the System established by his Majesty's Order, Part I.
By James Workman, Esq. Egerton.

THIS little work seems well calculated to answer the end for which it was composed, and which is thus expressed in the following advertisement :—

"The design of the work is to comprise within a small compass, and explain in a familiar manner, the whole

whole of the present system of military movement, according to the rules and regulations published by his Majesty's command."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank I. C. for his pleasing communications; his *Life of Socrates*—*Enigmas of the British Commanders*, &c. shall meet with due attention. He appears to have a rapid pen, but we would advise him to allow himself more time for the perfecting of his Compositions. Indeed the advice here suggested, may be serviceable to all Young Writers.

We are obliged to *Lacoon*, for his *Life of Pindar* and his *Tale*, which shall soon appear with a few corrections.

The Essays on *Frankness*—on *Credulity*—on the *Discoveries of Newton and Herschel*—together with the communication of *Oxionienis*, shall meet with insertion. The Essay on *Impudence* does not accord with the nature of our Miscellany.

Lines on an Infant—*a Word to Freethinkers*—*Bertram*—*Night*—*An Ode on the Tragic Muse*—Translation of *Bishop Lowth's* beautiful Latin *Epitaph on his daughter*—also an *Epitaph on a beloved wife*; the remaining pieces of *Julia*, together with the Sonnet to *Anna* and the *Moon*, and an *Effusion* on seeing a *Pile of Ruins*, shall have a place in the Garland.

To the Young Lady who has favoured us with a Translation of Buffon's celebrated description of the Horse, we express our obligation, and shall be gratified by communications from her of a similar kind.

To the first query of our *Newcastle Correspondent* we are not able to afford any information. With respect to the other, we recommend the addition to his already useful little library for the *Kitchen*—of *Plain Sermons for plain people*, by *Hannah Sowden*, published a few years since by *Johnson*. An attention to the minds, and consequently to the morals of servants, is a truly laudable object, and heartily meets our approbation.

We again beg leave to remind our Correspondents, that all communications, **POST PAID**, will receive proper attention.

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